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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 2.

THE LETTER FROM MARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF THE "CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.,
AND ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "MILLENNIAL STAR."

A letter home, from an elder in the field:—Brother John is coming to Zion. Be on the watch for him, and greet him as a brother and a friend. He received the money for his passage only last month, and already he is off; off to Zion, to Mary, to her good husband, and the little grandson, all of whom live on a ranch up in Idaho. Although Brother John is nearer sixty than six, he went off as happy as a boy going on a holiday trip. Well, his life has been a hard one and full of trial, so I hope the remainder of his days will be spent in the peace and comfort which he deserves.

I must say that I feel a little lonesome, now that Brother John has gone. He has been such a blessing to the elders who have labored in this part of the country, for the last fifteen years. Not that he has been able to help much in the way of worldly wealth, for he was himself poor in that, but he has been blessed with an abundance of the good spirit of the gospel, and his kindness has been imparted without measure to all. The good times we have had, in his little home by the sea, have been so many that

we shall miss him as man seldom misses his fellow man. So, may he in very deed safely reach the Zion of his hopes and dreams.

I recall my first visit to him. He lived on a small island just off the coast, some distance from any organized branch of the Church. The elders in passing his way would always call and spend a day or two with him, and it was time well spent. I was making my first visit among the branches when I came to Brother John's. It was in midwinter, and the sea was frozen from the mainland to the island, so that I could cross on the ice; but when I neared the island I found that water had flooded the ice, and consequently, my feet became wet. When I arrived at the little house where Brother John lived, I was wet and cold. Brother John opened the door at my knock, and I introduced myself. He saw my plight in a moment, said simply "come in," and then went to work on me. In a few minutes I had my shoes and stockings off, and was into his big, dry fishing boots, sitting by the warm fire. Soon a big, newly caught fish was in the pot boiling, and then he slipped out to the nearby shop for a loaf of white bread and a mug of cream to put into my barley coffee. While he was out I made a hurried observation of the room, and I found everything as neat and as clean as any good wife could have kept it.

"And so you are our new missionary?" he enquired, as he came in and placed more wood on the fire. "Well, I have seen many of you come and go in my time; yes, come and go—but I stay." I detected a sadness in the way he said it. "I suppose the Lord wants me here to help his servants, but it is little I can do. You see, I cannot earn as much as I once could, and therefore I can not help as much as I would like. I hope the Lord will accept of what I do."

"Brother," I asked, "do you treat all the elders in this way?"

He looked at me in astonishment, "Why, of course—all alike—I have never made any difference. You are all equally the servants of the Lord."

"How can you afford it?" I asked. I had not been long in the field, and that accounts for my question. I did not fully comprehend that he could not afford to do otherwise.

He looked at me in a strange way. "Afford it?" he replied, "you would not take from me my greatest source of pleasure?"

THE LETTER FROM MARY.

After that, winter or summer, I never went by Brother John's without calling on him. He lived all alone. His wife has been dead for many years, and his children are scattered. One son lives in a town not very far away, but he might as well be with his brother in Australia for all he does or cares for his father; for, since "Mormonism" has come to Brother John, this son, who aims to be something in the world, will have nothing to do with his parent. Five years ago his only daughter, Mary, went to Zion. She married a good "Mormon" boy, and they have been the old man's anchor of hope; and, I am glad to say, it has not been in vain.

One day last summer when I called to see him, he was not at home. I enquired of his nearest neighbor regarding his whereabouts, and was informed that he had gone to the other side of the island to help a farmer with his hay. He had left the key to his door, with instructions that if I should come in his absence it was to be given to me. I took the key and went back to the house. It was a warm, sunny afternoon, and I sat down on the seat by the side of the door. The little plat of soil by the house was filled with sweetly scented flowers. A cool breeze came from the sea, and out on the water there were some white sails on the horizon. The sun sank into the ocean, and the shadows grew deeper. Just as the lamp began to shine from the lighthouse on the point, Brother John came with slow and steady steps down the path; but when he saw me he quickened his pace.

He went into the house, and he was soon busy at cupboard and table. "I've been helping with the hay," he explained, "that's why I am so late tonight. You see, I can't go on the water much lately—and then, you know, I must learn to be a farmer. That's what Mary says—I'm so glad you came. What did you do with your song book, young man?"

"I believe I left it here, didn't I?"

"Yes; the one with the music in. I have made good use of it. While you eat your supper, I will show you that I can still play my old fiddle. I have had my supper."

He took down his violin from the wall. "Beautiful Zion," "High on the Mountain Top," "Our Mountain Home so Dear" followed, one after the other, until I had to hurry through my eating and join the music with my song.

"That will do now," he said shortly. "I have something else to show you—you are sure you have had enough to eat?—Then I will clear the table."

The old man was in unusually happy spirits. He wanted me to know that he had some very important news to tell me; but he kept it in reserve as though he wished to tell it a little at a time and thus prolong the pleasure as long as possible. After he had cleared the table, he drew the blind down before the window, and lighted the little oil lamp. He went about quietly, talking all the time on various topics, and then he drew his chair up to the table by the light.

"I have a letter from Mary," he said.

"And is she well?" I asked. He received such letters quite often, and I did not understand why this one was so important.

"Oh, yes, she is well—Mary is a good girl. She doesn't forget her father, not she! And George, her husband, must be a good man, too, to do as he is doing."

"Yes; and what is he doing, Brother?"

"I've always tried to trust the Lord," he continued, ignoring my question. No doubt he thought it was coming to the point too quickly. "Somewhere, sometime, the blessing will come, if we keep on doing and trusting. From the day that I joined the Church, I have paid one-tenth of my increase to the Lord. It has not been much, but it has been a tenth. Let me show you how I have kept my accounts with the Lord."

He brought a book from a corner shelf, and opened it on the table. "Every day's earnings I enter here in this first column," he explained. "I then extend one-tenth of every item to this second column. At the end of every month, I add the tithing column and send the amount to the office."

I turned the leaves of the book backwards, and found the same neat, accurate accounts year after year; and here I knew I had found one of the secret sources of strength which this brother had drawn from, during all these years.

"I have received my reward in the blessings which have come to me daily," he said. "The world about me thinks I am a poor, miserable creature, living as I do here in loneliness and poverty; but they don't know, they don't know that I am happier and richer

than they all." He shook his gray head, and smiled knowingly at me.

"But I received a letter from Mary the other day—it was Thursday of last week, and what do you think she says?"

"What does she say?"

Instead of replying, he arose, and took down his violin again.

"Don't you want to hear another song?" he enquired. "I have played every tune in the book. Lucky you left it, though you must have missed it yourself. These songs of Zion are beautiful. Now, this one, for instance"—and "Joseph Smith's First Prayer" came in soft, sweet strains from the instrument. I listened and watched the expression on his face, but I did not sing. In a few minutes he replaced the violin on the wall, sat down, and took a letter from his pocket.

"I carry Mary's letter with me, so that I can read it during resting time. When the other men in the hay field smoked their pipes today, I read my letter; and I am sure I received more comfort than they." He spread the letter out on the table, smoothing the creases with loving touch. Then he turned the lamp further up, drew his chair nearer to the table, adjusted his glasses, and silently scanned his letter. I was interested to know how long he would still play with his good news, but after a pause, he said:

"Mary says the money for my emigration will soon be on the way to me."

"I am very glad to hear it," I replied.

"And so I am going home to Zion at last. I have waited a long time—but it's come. The Lord is blessing me more than I deserve. Listen to what Mary says:

"We shall be so glad to see you again—and George is just as delighted as I am with the prospect; because you must know, dear father, that George is the kind of man that gets his happiness from seeing others happy. * * * We have yet a number of payments to make on our land, but the crops this year look fine, and we shall risk just enough money to bring you to us.'

"Don't you think I ought to write them not to send the money?" he asked.

"Nothing of the kind," I replied.

"But they have land to pay for—"

"That will be all right. Let them send you the money. What else does the letter say?"

"Oh, yes, dear father, we have planned it all; and even the baby looks wise when we talk about you. The other day he said 'Ganpa' just as plain as I can.'"

The old man raised his glasses, and wiped away a tear. "They have forty acres of land, they say. That is a big farm, isn't it?"

"Not such a large one for Idaho."

"No? and they have four horses and six cows and some calves and a big, fine wagon. I never would have thought it—that my Mary should be so blessed. 'When you come, you can drive to town with the butter and eggs,' says Mary, 'and feed the chickens and such light work.' Listen to that, will you?—light work. She doesn't know how strong I am. Her old father will be no burden to them—not yet, thank the Lord. And here she says that George is out watering the lucern. What does that mean?"

I explained our system of irrigation to him. We talked well into the night, and when I left, next morning, I made him promise that he would let me know directly he received his passage money.

I had not long to wait. I hurried out to the little island, and found Brother John busily packing his trunk.

"The money has come," he said, "and I am going day after tomorrow. I didn't know that I had so many things until I tried to put them all in a trunk. I shall have to leave some of them. Help me to select."

I made a number of suggestions, but he was much worried at the thought of leaving some of his household goods.

"Then I will not take my Bible," he said, as he placed the old, leathern book on the chair. Bibles are cheap in Zion, I suppose."

"Yes; but not such as yours. This is an old friend, and associated with your first love of the Gospel. Take it along."

"Yes, you are right. How shall I get the clock in?"

"Leave it," I suggested.

"And the violin?"

"Take it along. It will be a little care, but it will repay you. Here, take my song book to remember me by. When you get to Mary's ranch in Idaho, play some of the tunes to Mary and the baby."

"And here is mother's picture. I must have that along, but

I suppose I must leave the glass and frame. I can get a new one in Idaho. As you know, my wife died before the Gospel came to us. Now I am going to do the work for her in the temple. Oh, she was a good woman, mother was; and she will be glad, over yonder in the spirit world. What a blessed thing it is when one can bring gladness, not only to those in this world, but also to those who have gone before! The Gospel reaches a long way, doesn't it?"

He worked and talked, and I helped him strap his trunk, and get it to the station. I remained with him until he was off. He went around to his neighbors and bade them all goodbye; and now that he was going, they all appeared to be sorry. I think they had not appreciated him until now. And I—well, when he took my hand through the car window, and held on to it until the car was in motion, I fear my last sight of him was rather dim.

So keep a lookout for Brother John. He walks as straight as you or I. His hair is gray, yet heavy. His eyes are blue. His cheeks are red. When he smiles, it is as sweet as a child's. You will know him at sight. God bless Brother John, and all such as he, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Liverpool, England.

MY GUARDIAN.

An angel came to my home one night;
His face was comely, his raiment white.

He spoke, extending to me his hand,
And I straightway followed his command.
But the path seemed narrow, hard to tread,
I longed for the home I left, instead.

I looked for my friends and wondered why
They all so scornfully passed me by!
I looked to the left, looked to the right;
Then followed again the angel light.

But at length my poor heart failed me sore,
I thought: I'll return to earth once more.
But the angel gently clasped my hand—
I turned again toward the promised land.

—GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE VALUE OF SOUL.

BY HENRY W. NAISBITT.

This caption is not intended to discuss the nature of soul, its high prerogatives, its wonderful functions, its sublime operations, or its eternal character. That needs an inspirational pen, and the language which is not of earth.

It is to glorify the manifestation of soul-culture that I give a passing word or two, which might be dilated upon *ad infinitum*, and applied in many directions.

A gentleman of culture, from Toronto, Canada, was a visitor at the Temple Block, and the writer was his privileged guide. This visitor was susceptible, appreciative and inquiring. He was a student; had made a life's hobby of the character of sound under many conditions; had endeavored to discover its phenomena, meeting a climax to his thought in the imperial acoustic properties of our inspirational edifice, the great Tabernacle, where all his experience was baffled, and many prior conclusions dissipated. As a component part of that wonderful building is the majestic organ and its marvelous choir. Being a member of the oratorio association, in Toronto, he said he would give anything if he could hear "The Hallelujah Chorus" with the full general rendition. Prof. Stephens had just returned from a three months' European observation and study, and was expected to meet with the choir that evening, so the visitor and the writer attended, and presented the request to the professor, who, in turn, asked the members if they could render it, as during his absence it had not been a part of their practice; feeling well at seeing the beaming countenance of their returned leader, the response was unanimous: "We will try," and they did not try alone, but gave it a magnificent rendition.

At the close, our visitor enthusiastically said to the writer, "Oh, Mr. N——, we can do that just as well in Toronto, mechanically, but *your choir puts soul into it.*" When told that this was a volunteer and unpaid choir, his face-expression was a study for an artist.

The secret was out, and one's mind reverted to a worthy English divine, who, conversing with a famous actor inquired, "Why is it, Mr.——, that you, by the rendering of fiction can move an audience to tears, while I, preaching the most solemn truths, can make no impression?"

"Ah," said the student of human nature from the stage, "my Lord, you present your truths as though they were fiction, while I present the latter as though it were truth."

The one was mechanical, the other had soul, 'twas this that gave vitality, life, power.

The whole world needs, today, in the promulgation of saving doctrine, this potent freshness that comes of soul, the iteration and reiteration of truth backed by inspiration. The teacher must feel and know the truth himself; he must be a living apostle so that the hearers may say, "The gospel came unto us, not in word only, but in power and in much assurance." He, the teacher, must know it for himself, he must live its life, and enjoy its spirit; he must make his appeal from soul to soul, realizing the value and power of both truth and the waiting soul. Such a teacher will not be a parrot; conviction will follow the burning testimony, and the life-giving work; such a speaker will be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, to use the old prophetic symbol, whose lips will be touched as with a live coal from the altar; his eye will be single, and his whole being will be full of light, and he will gather a harvest of souls where the mechanical, cold, logician will fail, because sympathy is not aroused; the soul is not reached, and even if the hearer is converted, unless the spirit enters between the joints of the harness, the opponent or inquirer will stumble yet again.

As the sculptor sees in the marble the hidden statue, and the artist paints on the canvas the soul's ideal, so the faithful laborer sees in the quarry of humanity the divine image—a sublime ideal; so the true minister of the word sees enshrouded in every man the possible ideal. It only needs toil and application, intelligent

application, to develop the internal and external symbols of the divine.

A jurist asked a famous artist what he mixed his colors with. The artist brusquely responded, "Brains;" but this is but another name for intelligent soul, an adaptation of means to an end, or, as Paul had it, "Becoming all things to all men, if haply he might save some."

It was tauntingly said of the Christ, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Every laborer in the vineyard of God knows, or should know, how to save himself, or he will not be a successful savior. The divine order should be studied; the divine revelations should be his life; the economy and purpose of God, his daily bread; then, with the fire of God within him, he will hew down the idols of ignorance and superstition, and error will fall as Dagon fell before the ark of God. He will stand before his adversaries as Paul before Felix, Joseph Smith before his accusers; Brigham Young before the United States Commissioners; Joseph F. Smith before the Senate Committee.

"Speak the truth in love," brethren, be in earnest, mean all you say, be valiant in testimony, seek to be wise, intelligent, patient, and "Cast not pearls before swine;" but, giving to all "a portion of meat in due season," avoid being mechanical, consecrating all your talents to the saving of mankind, so shall you be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge or presentation of the things of God. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might," and if all the talent is not given you today, it shall be said hereafter, take from him who failed to use his talent and give to him who hath done what he could, for it hath been declared that "he who is faithful over a few things, shall be made ruler over many."

It was this afflux of soul that redeemed the Bible from being the commonplace history of a stubborn and stiff-necked people, and placed it before mankind as the word of God from which the Christian and the Jewish world have drawn their inspiration, and saturated their literature from the earliest times. It is the same which, differing in degree, perchance, gave to antiquity the superhuman strength of Homer and Dante, and to more modern times the richness of Milton, Shakespeare and other giants; to Paul,

when standing before Festus, the power to say, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

Here you have the secret of the orator's power who sways the souls of men, as the winds sway the fields of ripening grain; this gave Pitts and Brougham the strange popularity so long enjoyed. It is this which, through Prof. McClellan, evokes the multiplied tones of our majestic organ, until a highly prominent and gifted musician from Washington, D. C., said, the other day, that he was so entranced "he forgot to applaud;" and another who said, when under the spell of the same inspirational manipulation, "I was nearer to heaven than ever I expected to be in this life, and may ever be again!"

This influx and efflux from higher spheres is already beginning to influence the thought of the religious and the moral world; example and assertion, working together, are laying bare the foundations of crude and erroneous superstition, and the process will continue and increase by silent transfusion of new impulse, and a consequent new life, meaning the redemption of man.

The little leaven is working out its own and yet God-given powers, and its mission will never end, until the whole is leavened. Spiritual communion will be the normal condition with many earnest, seeking souls who will "vindicate the ways of God to man," so enabling the willing to live as becomes the children of the one great Father, who is over all, above all, to whom be glory forever and ever.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

STICK TO YOUR AIM.

Be firm; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck,
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip;
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields!

—HOLMES.

THE MOUNTAIN PEAK.

(For the Improvement Era.)

When o'er the vastness of thy buttressed sides,
In gorge and canyon the deep snows are laid,
How great is thy magnificence!

The sun

His glory on thy white-robed peak then rests,
Dazzling the hills that look at thee in awe,
And worship at thy feet.

The clouds revere

Thy majesty and gather round thy breast
Too base to rise, where, in imperial power,
Aloft thy proud head towers in the sky,
And looks serenely down upon the vales.

Here on thy crown, eternal Solitude
Has held communion with the silent stars.
Here on thy bosom, all the seasons through,
Hath Winter sat upon his crystal throne,
And watched sweet Spring caress the hills and dells;
And dreamy Summer dress the canyon bowers;
And Autumn weave her gorgeous tapestries
O'er slopes and battlements. But thou, serene,
Untroubled by the fruitless work of Time,
No change dost know.

Within thy solitude

The storm-king summons oft his hordes of war.
The wild winds rave. The vapors rush along
All black as Night, mysterious, sublime!
And Titan strikes at Titan, till the blows
Flash lurid lightning o'er the darkened sky,
And deep-toned thunders roll from cloud to cloud,
And oft reverberate from cloud to peak,—

Yet thou dost smile, and o'er thy face again
The majesty of silence rests supreme,
Unchanged in its sublimity.

Here came
Ambitious man, a pygmy, who did steal
Across the deep crevasses, scaled the scarps;
Crawled up the precipice, and, on thy crest
There 'mid eternal snows, did shout a name,
And plant an ensign in the icy rocks.

But, overawed within thy solitude,
His voice was silenced, and his eyes did fail
'Mid all the grandeur spread before their view,
And, paying tribute to ambition's pride,
Within a winding sheet of fleecy snow,
He found a royal sepulchre.

Here Night
Has drawn her sable curtains in the domes
Of crystal palaces and vast facades,
Of peristyles of temples shaped in ice;
While starlight has been scintillate in stars
Of sheeny snowflakes, sparkling light to light,
And with innumerable facets still
Re-multiplying all the hosts on high,
To give thee greater beauty.

Yet alone!
Unheeding night, unheeding storm and wind,
And all the forces of their feeble powers,
Thou art a coldly placid, voiceless form,
Till, in communion with the early dawn,
A roseate flush spreads over thy fair head,
Announcing that the day king woos thine heart.
And in the last caress his golden rays
Press on thee e'er the twilight climbs thy breast,
Again thy flushing face reveals its love,
In crimson blushes lingering long in view,
Till, in the twilight, thou hast hid thy face,
And the pale moon thy beauty woos in vain.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

Payson, Utah.

AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

[Not a few who visit the fair derive much of their entertainment from the many foreign peoples who are to be seen there in native costume and surroundings. The writer took great interest in the Filipinos, and gives his impressions of that wonderful people, incidentally expressing himself on the duty of Americans regarding them. J. M. Sjodahl¹ who is a Swede by birth, having been born in Carlshamn, Blekinge, November 29, 1853, is specially competent to judge eastern peoples. He has made the Holy Land and the far East a special study, and was on a mission in Switzerland, Egypt, and the Holy Land, during the years 1889-90. He was sent to Stockholm, with congratulations from the Church authorities, and a present from the Scandinavians of Utah, on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Oscar's accession to the throne, and was very cordially received. Since his return from the Turkish mission, he has devoted himself to the newspaper business, and is at the present, associate editor of the *Deseret News*. He is president of the Scandinavian assembly of the Latter-day Saints, in Salt Lake City.—EDITORS.]

VI.

FILIPINOS AT THE FAIR.

BY J. M. SJODAHL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR "DESERET NEWS."

If I were asked to express an opinion as to which part of the greatest of all Expositions is the most interesting, I would say, without hesitation: The Philippine Reservation. There are priceless art collections, complete exhibitions of machinery, curiosities, etc., and all are of interest to one class, or another; but the Philippine exhibit attracts all alike. It costs over a million dollars, all

of which, except two hundred thousand dollars, was appropriated by the insular government. It is most complete, embracing, as it does, not only an exhibition of the products of the islands, but also samples of its manufactures, art, ethnology, customs of the people, and educational methods. It is a vast object lesson to the American people, on a most important subject.

If we desire to make a trip through the reservation, we may cross the bridge that spans the Arrow-head lake, a *fac-simile* of the Laguna de Bay, the headwater of the Pasig. At the other end of the bridge, we face a fort that encloses a number of war relics furnished by American and Filipino soldiers.

We pass through this fort, and by a copy of the Magellan monument, erected in honor of the discoverer of the islands. Then we come to the agricultural building, which contains a most interesting exhibition of agricultural and horticultural products and implements. There are rice, cotton, sugar, hemp, beans, and so on.

Some distance from this building are the Cathedral, the Commerce building, and a typical Manila house. The Cathedral especially attracts attention. In it is found the educational exhibit, and some art products. The educational section shows the methods of the American schools in the islands, and the truly wonderful results achieved in the short time they have been in operation. The government building is another structure which contains most interesting exhibits of a general character, including some of the art treasures of the islands. In the Manila house the most delicate fabrics of native manufacture are shown, together with embroideries and laces of exquisite beauty.

In the forestry building, samples of all the tropical hardwoods are found; also many valuable plants and shrubs, that yield gums, resins, gutta-percha and rubber. There is also an ethnological exhibit, embracing the manufactures of different tribes, showing their characteristics and grade of culture; further, a mineral and a fisheries exhibit, and here we find a relief map of the islands, and a meteorological station, in which the important instruments of the weather bureau in Manila are shown.

To complete our tour of the reservation, we now turn down the road and enter the Negrito village. This is about the lowest

type of Filipinos. The men go about nearly nude. The children play with bows and arrows, acquiring remarkable skill in the handling of these weapons. They are a physically small race, evidently low in intellect. Roots, snails, and such things, seem to satisfy their appetite. They are said to become gradually diminishing in numbers. In their village they are seen at work and at play.

We pass from this to the village of the head-hunting Igorrotes. They attract attention as a finely developed lot of savages. They are almost copper-colored, with high cheek bones, flat nose, thick lips, and straight, black hair. Both men and women are well formed, and show a graceful bearing. In their village they are seen at work in different crafts, as well as performing their tribal dances, to the music of the brass drum.

From this village, our road takes us to the village of the fierce Moros. These are Mohammedans, and in their native island they are credited with being pirates and sea-rovers. They have always made war upon the Spaniards. In their village their women are seen at work at the loom, and at their theater an exhibition in sword skill is given.

But we hasten to the Visayan village where the most striking and civilized type of Filipinos live. There are about one hundred of them in this little village. They are manufacturing a number of articles, such as cloth, hats, wood carvings and novelties. They also have a little theater which generally is well filled with spectators whenever there is a performance. The performances consist of music by an orchestra, solo singing, duets, and dancing, and they conclude with "The Star-spangled Banner," sung in English by the performers, to the accompaniment of the orchestra. This usually brings down the house. The performance is one in every respect high-class vaudeville.

Having completed our tour, we go to the nearest restaurant, where we take place on the cool veranda and order refreshments. Opposite the street is a band stand, from which the Constabulary band, consisting of eighty pieces, discourses fine music. I could not help comparing the music of that dusky band to that of Sousa's, and I am not sure that the Philippine band suffered very much by the comparison. I thought what a tremendous success

they could make of a concert tour through this country, if they were disposed to make one.

I have mentioned the Constabulary. The Constabulary battalion, at the Exposition, was organized to represent the Constabulary of the Islands. It is composed of eleven officers and two hundred men, besides the musicians. They are said to be wonderfully well drilled. The Constabulary of the Islands number eight thousand men, and were organized by Governor Taft, to maintain order.

It is interesting to study these people, and to consider that the charge has been given us, to bring to them the blessings of the highest type of civilization, the most advanced form of human liberty. It is a mission which this country must not fail to fulfill. The day must come, through American effort, when the natives of those islands feel to bless the day when Dewey sailed into Manila bay; if not, the day will be one sad memory in our own history. For, unless the conquest is made a blessing to those human beings, it will be a curse to our own country. Our light must break through the mists, or the mists will obscure its rays.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CHEERFULNESS.

There is nothing better established among physicians than that cheerfulness prolongs life, and also enriches and enlarges it. Whole-souled, joyous laughter is a powerful health tonic. "There is no one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body," says an eminent physician, "that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good hearty laugh." Laughter stimulates the digestive process, accelerates the respiration, and gives a warm glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, expands the chest, forces the poison out from the least-used lung cells, and fills them with life-giving oxygen, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health. It is said that Lycurgus set up the god of laughter in the Spartan eating halls. If there is anything the American people need to learn, it is to laugh at meals. There is no table-sauce like it. It is the great enemy of dyspepsia.—*Success.*

IN MEMORIAM.

When Joseph in his prison cell
For Christ a worthy martyr lay,
A sudden light from heaven fell,
His midnight agony to stay;
And failing ears heard seraph choirs,
And clouded eyes rejoiced to see
Angelic hosts above the spires
Of new Jerusalem to be.

Then once again his people trod
With bleeding feet the wilderness,
And found a refuge, under God,
From cruel foes so pitiless,
Where Ensign's tow'ring peak doth rise—
An emblem of his spirit fled,
And saline waters symbolize
The tears the persecuted shed.

His memory today we praise,
And laud his ever-blessed name,
Whom God did from his fellows raise,
Christ's second coming to proclaim.
The wild world goes its own dark way,
Nor heeds Evangelism restored;
But, as our Prophet taught, we pray,
And wait the advent of the Lord.

O! Prophet Martyr, lead us still,
In spirit, through the troubled years,
Across life's mountains strewn with ill,
And down its valleys dark with fears.
Till death and sin and sorrow end,
And earth beholds thy face again,
When Jesus and his saints descend
In everlasting joy to reign.

HENRY E. HORNE.

Old Castle, Leadville, N. S. W., Australia.

BESSIE'S TRUST.

BY HENRY NICOL ADAMSON.

I.

Glorious Christmas Eve! So the well-fed and well-clad pronounced it; but the poor shivered, and fastened their thin garments tighter around their ill-nourished bodies. Beneath the rays of the noontide sun, the snow-covered roofs of London city glistened and scintillated and thawed, only to be frozen again into myriad fantastically twisted icicles, ere it reached the ground. Night fell, and the great city presented itself in a still more bewitching phase. Crowds of happy, light-hearted folk promenaded the brilliantly-illuminated streets, or gazed eagerly into the temptingly decorated shop windows.

In a small room in the Jew-haunted south side of the city lay a man of middle age, with a look of resigned sadness on his pale, worn face. A noble face it was, too. From the broad, high forehead fell back thick masses of hair, once raven-hued, but now plentifully sprinkled with snow. The lower portion of the face was almost concealed by a heavy growth of silky-black beard and moustache. A finely moulded nose, and a pair of soft, hazel eyes completed the outlines of a very striking face. Beside the bed on which he lay, bent a girl whose striking resemblance to the sick man proclaimed her his daughter. Anguish and despair were visible in her face and attitude.

"Poor father! poor father!" she murmured, scarcely above her breath, "I see you dying before my eyes for lack of warmth and nourishment, and I am powerless, powerless!"

Her long, thin fingers twined and clenched frantically. She cast a wild glance around the bare, fireless apartment, whose only

visible furniture, besides the inevitable bunker and sink, consisted of a bed-chair, one kitchen chair, and a very small, rickety table. Sickness and poverty had claimed the rest. The girl's black sailor hat and shabby jacket hung on a nail behind the door, and on these her eyes rested for a moment. Then she pressed her lips upon her father's sunken cheek, and was turning hastily away when the man's wasted arm stole from beneath the bedclothing and wound around her neck.

"My dearie, my dearie," he whispered, drawing her face down upon his own, "you have been an angel of patience and goodness to me. I want for nothing. I am neither cold nor hungry, and you are both, Bessie. And, though it may seem like madness to say it or believe it, there is One above who knows and who will repay in his own good time and his own way. Trust him a little longer, pet. Lying here helpless upon this bed of sickness, I seem to feel His presence and protection as I never did in the days of strength and happiness. He has been my one unfailing, unchanging Friend. When the love of my life deserted me at fortune's frown, he came nearer and closer. But I did not mean to speak harshly of her—your mother, Bessie; she was only twenty, a year younger than you—and—and the temptation was great. She went back to her home and luxury. I had only a cabin and poverty to offer her, and—and I did not blame her. She loved us, Bessie, but she thought she loved wealth more. She was mistaken. Some day his guiding hand will lead her back to us again."

Bessie hid her face in the pillow, as she listened, and as the father's tender voice broke in conclusion, and the long pent up tears burst in torrents from her eyes.

"Oh, it is hard; it is hard to think of him as a Friend—a Father," she moaned bitterly. "All these weary winter months, he has abandoned us, forsaken us."

"He never forsakes; he only tries."

A wonderful, radiant tenderness shone from the depths of his sunken eyes, and the weak voice grew strong in its intense faith and earnestness. After a few moments' solemn silence, Bessie raised her head, dried her hot, tear-stained eyes, and, drawing the scanty covering around him, kissed him reverently, and tenderly bade him try to sleep.

"Are you going out?" he asked anxiously.

"Only for a few moments, father. Do not fear for me; I will trust him a little longer."

"Heaven bless you, my Bessie," his pale lips whispered.

"Pray until I come back, my dear, patient saint," she said, looking back, her hand upon the door.

Twisting a worn, faded muffler around her head and neck, and making a hasty parcel of the shabby hat and jacket, Bessie Ray hurried out, locking the door behind her. As may be surmised, her destination was the pawnbroker's. She fled rather than walked along the slippery, dirty Welton street. Isaac Moore added to the trade of pawnbroker that of jeweler, and many a costly unredeemed pledge was exposed for sale in his none-too-clean plate glass window. The girl was past the glaring patch of gaslit pavement, in a flash, and up the squalid close in which was the entrance to the pawnbroking department. A tall, square-shouldered gentleman, between thirty and forty, who had been peering through the grime on the glass at a pretty bracelet, was turning away as she passed him. He bestowed but a casual glance upon her, yet it was enough to tell him that the scantily-clad girl was one out of the common. The half frightened, half defiant light in the dark eyes, the pale, pinched cheeks, and, above all, the tell-tale bundle, told that she was acquainted with poverty in its bitterest form. His keen, grey eye took in all, as he turned back to the window and bestowed a more critical scrutiny upon the ornament that had attracted him at first. A sudden "Oh!" and a frantic clutch at the skirt of his coat, made him swing quickly round; a girl was lying at his feet upon the pavement.

"The ice," he said, stopping to lift her to her feet. "You are not hurt, I hope."

She raised her face, and he recognized the girl who had passed him a few minutes before. "Not hurt, thank you; but—but—" the words choked in her throat, and she eagerly scanned the ground about where she had fallen. She opened her clenched left hand; it held just one halfpenny. A couple of grinning, half-naked boys, scampering up the street with backward glances, told her too plainly the fate of the missing coppers. "O my God! my God!" burst from her lips in a moan of intense agony.

"Have you lost anything?" asked the man, respectfully.

"Lost anything?" she repeated. "I have lost everything," with a sudden, dull calm stealing into her voice and manner. Her loss seemed indeed to have turned her to stone. The shawl had fallen from her head, and now curled round the base of a near lamp post. But she seemed not to miss its warmth or disguise.

"Could I help you?" asked the gentleman, with an awkward diffidence, handing her the shawl.

"No," she said coldly, "I want no help. He has forsaken us; I will trust Him no longer."

"Who has deceived you?"

"God," she answered, meeting his eyes blankly, and turning from him.

"Stay," he said, laying his hand upon her arm; "where are you going?"

"Home," she answered, shaking off his hand, and darting away from him like a frightened bird.

For a moment he watched the flying form, then, without hesitating, he turned up the dimly-lighted close. A hand-sign pointed out the way to the pledge department. "A girl has been here five minutes ago," he said to the sleek, round-headed Jew, who answered to the name of Solomon Moore. He was a young man with a not unkind face, yet he was more disliked than his father Isaac.

"Yes," said Solomon, interrogatively, rubbing his hands.

"A girl with a shawl tied round her head?"

The Jew nodded.

"Who is she?" said the gentleman. "I want her name and address."

"This is not a directory, nor yet a private detective office," said the young Jew ironically.

"But I tell you I must have it," said the stranger quietly.

"What concern is it of yours?" he asked after a little thought, bending forward and looking his questioner keenly in the face.

"She is starving," cried he impatiently, "starving."

Once more the round black head nodded.

"Then give me her address, or her father's, or ——"

"She is a good girl—a lady, if you will."

"I know," said the other, "that is why I want to help her."

"Have you often helped people so?" asked the Jew in his cold, even voice.

"Why, hang it, man, it is Christmas Eve, and—and," he stopped in confusion, while a deeper bronze seemed to have crept into his face.

A slow smile played around the Jew's lips. "Well," he said; slowly repeating unconsciously the ominous words of long ago, "I wash my hands out of the affair. The girl's name is Bessie Ray. She and her father, Edwin Ray, who is ill, live around in 164 Cumber street, opposite the church. He was once a rich man. He failed. His wife left him, and went to live with her friends. That is all I know about them. Good night!"

The stranger was gone. Beneath a lamp, opposite the church, he paused and wrote a few words on the leaf of his pocket book. Then tearing it out, he rolled within it four sovereigns (\$20).

A loud, imperative knocking at the door roused Bessie Ray from the semi-stupor into which hunger and despair had helped to sink her. She rose shiveringly to her feet, and groped her way blindly towards the door. "It is no one, father," she said, closing and locking the door again. Then the little white packet caught her eye. Mechanically she picked it up. A stifled exclamation of mingled fear and astonishment burst from her lips.

The sick man started up in bed. "What is it, Bessie? What is it?" There was terror in his weak voice.

"O father, you were right; God has not forsaken us. See what he has sent!" She placed before him the sovereigns, and the leaf which held them. There were only four words written upon the paper, but they were significant—"Still trust, Bessie Ray."

"Let us thank the Father of the poor," said the solemn voice of Edwin Ray.

II

"Come, Waters, take off these slippers; I want you to take a drive with me in your professional capacity. Hurry up. I'm serious."

George Waters, M. D., carefully surveyed his visitor—who

was none other than he who had acted the part of providence in Welton street that same evening—from between half-closed, sleepy, blue eyes. “Upon my word, Hilton,” he said at length, “you’re a puzzle. What do you want with me in my professional capacity, as you eloquently phrase it? Have you been impersonating Santa Claus this Christmas Eve, or what?”

Hilton cut him short with—“If you don’t or won’t come, I must find another; there’s no time to lose.”

“All right,” returned Waters, half-way up the stairs; “I’ll be with you in a trice.” And he was as good as his word. At the door, a cab was waiting.

“You see, I counted upon your good nature,” said Hilton, following his friend into the conveyance; 164 Cumber street, south side.” With a jerk, the cab started. Waters looked his curiosity, which his friend soon satisfied.

“Ray, Edwin Ray,” mused the doctor aloud. “The name seems familiar. Ha! I have it. Don’t you remember the burning down of the great Dorset carpet weaving concern, something like ten years ago? No; you were abroad at the time, I think. Well, this Edwin Ray, I believe, is the very man who was the head, heart and soul of the thing, and the owner, too—worse luck for him, as it happened. He had risen from the ranks, as the soldiers say. He married the Honorable Blanche something or other, and she showed her blue blood by leaving him in the lurch and fleeing in the wake of his wealth. Ah, what’s this?” as the cab drew up quickly.

“Lady hurt, sir,” explained the cab man.

In a moment Waters was elbowing his way through the gaping crowd that surrounded the prostrate lady. “Let me pass, please; I’m a doctor.”

“Here’s the doctor! here’s Dr. Waters,” passed from mouth to mouth, and the satisfied crowd dispersed, leaving the doctor alone with the lady, and the policeman who had assisted her to rise. It was more shock than hurt, he soon discovered, and the lady, who seemed of middle age, thanked both graciously and sweetly.

“Can I be any assistance to you, madam?” asked the doctor. She hesitated, then said: “I am looking for a—a—friend,

who used to live about here," she answered, nervously. "But it is years since I—since I—have seen him. But I am detaining you; you are going to visit a patient?" looking at the waiting cab and the impatient Hilton.

"Yes; but if you would not mind driving with us, as far as Cumber street, and if you would furnish us with some particulars of the friend you are in search of, we might be able to aid you."

"Thank you," she said, "you are very kind to a complete stranger. My name is Ray—Mrs. Ray; I used to live in London, long ago.

Waters' iron nerve was unshakable; thus, though the simple name sounded like a clap of thunder in his ears, he merely bowed. "This lady," he said, advancing to Hilton, and fixing on him a warning look, "this lady, Mrs. Ray, will drive with us as far as Cumber street. She wishes to discover a friend, and I promised we would help her."

Hilton held the door open for her, and clutched Waters' arm, whispering: "Can it be?" and in answer received a nod of assent.

With something like a sigh, Mrs. Ray leaned back in a corner of the cab, and closed her eyes. A casual observation from the gentlemen alone broke the almost ominous silence. At length, to the relief of Hilton and the doctor, the cab stopped at their destination.

"My patient is here, madam. Will you wait here until we return, or"—"I will wait," she said.

"Well, Hilton, what do you think of this romance in real life?" said Waters, as they passed up the close.

"Oh, don't ask me what I think. If it is as you imagine, how in the name of heaven are we to act?"

"Don't ask me. I never was in a more delicate business in my life. Suppose we must trust to accident to"—"Or to God," interposed Hilton, reverently.

As they waited at the door for admittance, each occupied with the difficulty of the matter before him, a soft voice spoke close beside them—"Do not think me rude, please, but might I see your patient? I am rich, and, until I find my—my friend,—alone. Perhaps, I could"—an expressive glance around the squalor of the place, revealed by the peep of gas, aptly concluded the

sentence. Before either man could reply to her entreaty, the door was opened by Bessie Ray.

Waters stepped forward, remarking: "I am a doctor; your father is ill; a friend sent me."

Bessie stared at him in utter bewilderment. "Come in," she said at length.

The two men entered. The lady hesitated, then followed after them, keeping in the shadow. The poor, bare room had improved wonderfully, within the hour. A glowing fire was in the grate, and instead of the sickly candle, a small lamp shed a soft, mellow radiance, concealing, mercifully, the bareness of the apartment.

Edwin Ray was sleeping. Very gently the doctor lifted the thin, long-fingered hand, that lay outside the coverlet. A slight rustle of silken garments, made him turn with something like a frown upon his face.

Mrs. Ray was on her knees, on the bare floor. For a moment, the doctor gazed upon her. "You have found your friend?" he said, gently laying his hand upon her shoulder.

"I have found my husband!" she answered, taking in hers the wasted hand the doctor still held.

At her soft touch, the sleeping man opened his eyes. "Bessie, Bessie!" the pale lips murmured, with long pent-up tenderness.

At the sound of her name, Bessie hastened from the corner to which she had retired.

"Not you," said Hilton, "not you," drawing her gently away and pointing meaningly towards the bed. "You understand, do you not?"

"Yes," she said simply; "it is my mother," and she returned to her shadowed corner, with something like a pang of jealousy at her heart.

"Come away, Hilton," said Waters, taking his friend's arm; "we can be of no further use meantime. We will come again, tomorrow. Good night, and a happy Christmas."

"Good night," said Hilton. But there was no audible reply.

"Edwin, Edwin!" breathed the kneeling woman. "Am I worthy of your forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness; yes, if you want it; but my heart held nothing

holds nothing but love for you, Bessie, my dear, dear wife. I have been waiting all these years for you. I knew you would come." His fingers closed upon hers and drew her towards him.

She struggled to her feet, and leaned over him with pitying and remorseful eyes, blinded with tears. "Edwin, I am not worthy; I do not deserve your forgiveness."

"But the tender eyes gazing up into hers looked only undying love. With a sob, she laid her face against his, and in that moment the lips of husband and wife met for the first time in ten years. When she raised her head again, her husband was asleep.

"Bessie," she called softly, "Bessie."

"I am here, mother," her daughter answered, coming forward.

Mother and daughter gazed at each other for one painful minute. "He forgave me," said the elder woman, pleadingly, "will not you?"

"Mother," she said, casting all her pride aside, "you will not leave him again. We have been waiting for you so long."

"Never; never, darling; never, never. Will you not kiss me, Bessie? I will spend my life in trying to atone for my sinful folly."

* * * * *

It was Christmas once again. A small party was assembled in a pretty drawing-room, in Fitzroy Square, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ray; their daughter, Bessie; Frank Hilton, and Dr. Waters and his pretty young wife. Mrs. Ray had just risen from the piano, and was crossing to her husband's side. Her delicate face, in its frame of snow-white hair, was lovely in its expressive tenderness.

"Bessie," said Frank Hilton, as he helped her in search of some music, "I love you." A smile rippled over her face, and trembled about the corners of her mouth. "I love you," he repeated, as she did not answer. "Did you know?" he asked, looking into her face.

"I believe I did," she answered softly, returning his gaze.

"And can you say the same?" he asked, eagerly.

"Would you wish me to say it?" was her coy response.

"Bessie, I have known you just a year, and I have loved you all that time," he said, his voice husky with emotion.

"Foolish fellow, you could have been better employed."

"But your answer, Bessie?"

"My answer to what?" playfully.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she said, giving him her hand.

American Fork, Utah.

IN MEMORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

December 23, 1904.

The angels heralded thy birth with songs of praise,
Joyous hosannas! And the courts of heaven trembled
With the ecstasy of melody!

And lo! there swept upon the air, so pure, so sweet,
So filled with harmony, and joy and love, it seemed
'Twould melt the soul, a new and glorious hymn,
Radiant with hope!

A peon of sweet liberty, a benediction and a blessing.
Rising in gladness from the hearts that loved the Christ,
And who had waited in the Paradise of God.

Waited in hope, oft longing for the hour,
When light again should flood the darkened earth,
And thy great work begin!

O, thou wert valiant in the cause of Christ!

The mockings and the scourgings thou didst bear!

Thy armor was of Righteousness, and round thy loins

Was girt the buckler of God's Truth. Thy shield

Was Love: upon thy brow was placed a crown of Peace;

And in thy hand the sceptre of the Lamb!

L'Envoi.

Our hearts with love are turning unto thee,

On this thy day of birth.

Into our fainting souls thy faith has crept

And made us strong!

O, Christ, our Lord, grant thou that we

May dwell with Joseph in eternity!

GEORGE E. BLAIR.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

PASSING OF THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

BY DR. JAMES X. ALLEN.

I was somewhat startled a few days ago, while in conversation with a young brother who had just returned from a mission to Scandinavia, by hearing him remark that he had never in his life heard anyone speak in tongues. This same young brother was reared in Utah. His father and mother, as also he himself, are good Latter-day Saints. He has filled an honorable mission, and is today strong in the faith, and yet, he has never heard and experienced one of the most common gifts of the gospel, as enjoyed years ago.

The remark was somewhat of a shock to me; because in the early days of the Church—where I was reared—there were so many of the Saints who enjoyed the gifts, and there were none among my acquaintances who had not heard the sweet sound of the gift of tongues. Many times there would be both speaking and singing in tongues, in the same sacrament meeting. The interpretation of tongues was equally as common as the tongues themselves. In fact, we were wont to regard the speaking in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, the relating of dreams and prophesying, as an essential part of the latter-day gospel. These gifts were a great comfort to the new converts. They strengthened our faith, and served as abiding testimonies to many of us. Sometimes we were taken aback a little by them, as I have on several occasions known parties to confess faults in their tongue that they were ashamed to confess openly in their natural tongue.

One remarkable case of the kind occurred with myself. At the time, I was about twelve years of age, and living seven miles from the meeting house, to which I walked every Sunday. My

custom was to be at the meeting at 10 o'clock in the morning. Some brother would ask me home to dinner. The afternoon meetings were sacrament and testimony meetings. I would, after this meeting, go with some brother to tea—the evening meal being called by that name; and after night meeting I would walk home.

On this special occasion, I refrained from partaking of the sacrament, as also from bearing my testimony, as was my habit. During the meeting, I sat in misery. I felt that I had sinned, but thought as no one present was cognizant of my fault, I considered it useless to enlighten them as to my fall from grace. However, while sitting quietly at the back end of the hall, my body began to swell, so that I feared for the buttons on my clothes. Great drops of sweat stood on my face, and I was thoroughly miserable. The next thing that happened was that I was standing on the floor and talking away, as fast as my tongue could wag. There was no volition in my rising. It seemed as though someone lifted me off my seat, and stood me on my feet. I tried not to talk, but I could not, until the power upon me let me stop. I did not know what I was saying, as the language was strange to me. When through with the tongue; I sat down exhausted. But now came another trouble. It was the custom, when anyone spake in tongues, that some brother or sister would arise and give the interpretation, but in this case no interpretation was given.

After the close of the meeting, a brother asked me to go home to tea with him. On the way to his house, he asked me: Did I know the reason why my tongue was not interpreted? No! He said that I had been dancing. Yes! I had been dancing in a public house? Yes! In fact, I had made a full and contrite confession, and begged the forgiveness of the Saints, promising never to do the like again.

He told me that three of the brethren sitting together each had the interpretation, and each had the same interpretation; and the question was, who should arise and give it? No one of them was willing to give it in the meeting. They argued that I was so truly repentant and humble that they thought my punishment was enough. They argued that one of them should take me home to tea and talk to me.

At that time I had a companion some years older than myself

who was a great clog dancer. I became infatuated with the dancing. But my dancing would be done on the sidewalk, while Harry would occasionally step into a public house (saloon) and dance for money. I was too pious to dance for money, but not too pious to take a full share of what Harry earned. On the occasion of my fall from grace, Harry had remained in the public house so long that I got tired of waiting for him, and stepped in to see if he was not coming. When I got in, Harry was just coming off the floor, and one of the beer drinkers remarked: "Here's a little devil that can dance; get on the floor and give us a step." I declared that I could not dance, when the man said: "You lying little rascal! I've seen you dance many a time."

I was about to turn round and leave the house, when Harry looked at me as much as to say, "Now, Jim, thou gets half." The reproof in his eyes was too much for me, and I danced. But, oh! how wretched I was all that week! I never danced in such a place again.

This was a testimony that has never left me, of the power and discernment of the Spirit of God. Many times when assailed by doubts—who has not been so assailed?—the recollection of that circumstance has come to my aid, and I thank God for a never-dying testimony.

The first person that I ever heard speak in tongues was Lorenzo D. Barnes, in the year 1842. He died the same year, in England—one of the first, if not the first, American elders to die in a foreign country.

I fear that I have made this narrative too long. But I could relate other interesting incidents with regard to the blessed gifts of the gospel. But I fear to be troublesome.

There is a question that comes into my mind: If men now think they can get along without the gifts of the gospel, may not the time come when they may believe they can get along without its ordinances?

Ogden, Utah.

LOOKING BACK.

BY HON. JOHN M. HORNER.

II.

I have stated that I have been treated by my fellow citizens with respect and honor, since my financial loss and physical affliction, far beyond any thought that had ever come to me. I will relate one circumstance that happened to me in this country.

I was elected a Noble for a six-year term to the legislature of this kingdom, as it then existed. All the members of the legislature had assembled in Honolulu, two or more days before the meeting of the legislature, so as to be sure to be present on the opening day, when the king officiated. Some days before the opening of the legislature, it entered the heart of the queen to make a feast to which all members of the legislature and other dignitaries, including the king and princesses, were invited. The table was near fifty feet in length, and loaded with all the delicacies which the palate of man should desire. The guests were closely seated at the table. The king and queen were seated near one end of the table, and it so happened that my seat was near the other end. All was quiet, awaiting the king's pleasure. The king, quietly, partly filled a glass with liquor, then deliberately arose to his feet, holding the glass before him, and to the surprise of all, said: "Here's to Mr. Horner!"

A guest at the table enquired: "Which Mr. Horner? There are three Mr. Horners here."

The king answered: "The Mr. Horner of Hamakua, Hawaii, who writes on temperance."

This turned all eyes on me, causing me to look down at my plate.

The king continued: "Mr. Horner, I look upon you as the champion temperance advocate of my kingdom. Continue to write; it does good: I read and enjoy all you write." Thus the king continued in his eulogistic way for quite a time. When he concluded, Mr. Horner was called to answer.

Having no thought of this surprise, I had no prepared speech, so with flushed face I reluctantly arose, bowed to their majesties, and the great ones before me. I thanked his majesty for his kind reference to myself, and for the great eulogy to temperance, as I failed not to perceive that it was of the principle of temperance, not the temperance advocate, that his majesty had so kindly spoken.

Then I continued: "My position here today, in the presence of your majesties, and other great ones of this kingdom, carries my memory back to my boyhood days. My folks had gone from home on a Sunday morning, and left me to keep house. The morning was cool, and I was sitting in the chimney-corner,—we had no stoves in those days—reading the Proverbs of Solomon. One read, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.' I had a little argument with Solomon, at the time, about the truth of this proverb. As I informed him, it would not matter how diligent I might be in business, I could never stand before a king, since there was no king nearer than three thousand miles east, and five thousand miles west, and kings never visit my country. I must testify that I have been diligent in business, and I now call all who are present to witness the truth of this proverb, at least in my case. I stand here before their majesties and this honored company—'not before mean men'—and not out of idle curiosity, but by invitation of her majesty."

I have not been at the headquarters of the Saints since the martyrdom of the prophet. I was in Nauvoo two different years before. The first time I stopped, (it was summer) I was introduced to the prophet, on the street, by Brother Erastus Snow; he shook my hand, talked some, and, as he left, he said: "Brother Horner, you are a fine-looking man, come and see me." The last time, I remained only a short time, since the convention which I attended and which nominated the Prophet for President of the United

States, appointed me as one of its delegates to New Jersey—my native state—to lecture and to endeavor to elect him for this exalted place; and to persuade the people to purchase and to free all the slaves of the South, thus getting rid of slavery by the year 1860. That was the Prophet's counsel to the nation. What blood and treasure would have been saved had that counsel been heeded! Much more loss, misery and death, the world of man would steer clear of, if some of his other counsels were heeded.

Most of the twelve apostles were in Nauvoo when I was there. The first time that I saw Brigham Young, he was working at a carpenter's bench, in the street, near his unfinished house. The fact was, he had been building himself a house, but was called away on a mission before finishing it. He had now returned, and was again working to finish his building. How fortunate were the Latter-day Saints, when driven from the habitations of men to the mountains, that they had for a leader a mechanic, who was also an architect, to plan the building of temples, tabernacles, churches, schools, colleges, universities, and residences for the people! We are also taught that our Savior was the son of a carpenter, and worked with his father at the carpenter's bench.

With these worthy examples, the young men of Zion should not feel humiliated, if counseled to master some mechanical business for their own good, and the good of Zion.

I started with the rest of my company, in 1846, from New York in the ship *Brooklyn*, for California, where the Church was expected to stop and where it did stop. But it stopped in eastern, and I in western, California, and the fates have since kept me away from it. The Great Father has been merciful to me, in bringing me through dangers, both seen and unseen, which cannot be named here. I will be eighty-three years old the 15th day of June, 1904, yet I am permitted to do my reading and writing without glasses. I have never used any.

I am thankful, and surprised that I have passed through so many death-dealing accidents, and yet live. I have thought more than once, when recovering from some accident, that my good guardian angel was close by when the accident happened.

I have not performed my spiritual duties to my satisfaction, which I regret, believing I would have been a more valuable man

to the world, and to myself, than I have been, had I paid more attention to the spiritual. I have been diligent in business, and, as the world goes, a good man. I have dealt with others as I would be dealt by. The Great Father is the only one I have wronged by not always paying my tithing, or, I should say that I have wronged myself by not paying an honest tithing. However, before President Woodruff left us, I had sincerely repented of that unchristian act, and began to pay tithing again; and made a solemn resolve with myself that I would pay an honest tithe the remainder of my life. I have since done so, and felt well pleased after doing it. Then came President Snow who promised all delinquent tithe payers forgiveness, if they would thereafter pay an honest tithe. For this I was doubly thankful; first, for the forgiveness; and second, because I had already repented, and was in that line of duty.

I may say I have had only two severe losses, and great suffering of mind and body in consequence. The first has already been written. The latter I will now briefly state. It commenced in 1901, with a severe drought, for this region where weekly rains are usual. It continued long enough to dry up all springs and holes of water, and to drain out all cisterns, water tanks, and reservoirs. All grass dried up. We hauled water for our plantation help, and work stock; but for ranch stock, no water was in reach. Only by driving them thirty miles could they obtain water, and there was no feed, nor room for three thousand head. So thirty head of horses and nearly two hundred head of horned stock died. Those which escaped death were set back nearly one year in growth, and nearly one half of the following year's increase was lost. Before the dry, windy weather ceased, fires were started in six different places of the neighborhood, consuming some of our cane and that of our neighbors. A few thousand acres of forest were killed, and many more acres of pasture lands burnt over. Our output of sugar, from the effect of the drought, fell off thirty-one hundred tons. The above losses did not worry us so much, as the fear we had of a calamity that, fortunately, never happened. This fear was caused by the thought of the possibility of a fire starting in the cane on the windward side of the plantation. Had it so started, our residences, quarters for two hundred and fifty laborers, stables

for one hundred and fifty horses, and at least five hundred acres of cane must have been swept away.

The worst affliction of all: just before the drought ceased, my beloved wife, whom I had married the day before we left New Jersey for California, in 1846, sickened and died. Soon after this, a grand-son—a bright lad, the joy of our household—sickened, and in about three days, died. The above mental and physical troubles had been so heavy on me, that soon after they were over, slight physical unpleasantness began to manifest itself with me. I only had very little suffering, until a fainting in the field one day, required attention.

A doctor was called, he administered to me, and from my explanations, concluded there was not much the matter with me. He stated that I would be all right in a few days, but, instead, in a few days, severe fainting pains set in. The disease was so complicated and severe, with my advanced age, that but little hope of my recovery was entertained, either by myself or others. I was resigned. But after much suffering, and long and careful nursing, day and night, I began to get easier, and my pulse was encouraging. So, the doctor, upon enquiry—he being a stranger—ascertained that I had been a strictly temperate man all my life, and he felt much encouraged, so expressing himself. He was, at the same time, doctoring a man about one mile distant who was less than half my age, but he had been intemperate all his life, on which account the doctor thought he would not recover. He died two or three weeks after. What an encouragement the Saints have to obey the Word of Wisdom!

I kept slowly recovering. One night about 11 o'clock while alone in my room—sleep had fled, and my heart began pounding and shaking me so violently that I thought the doctor's "relapse," which he had cautioned me against, had come. I was fully convinced that if my heart kept up its violent motion much longer that, when it did stop, it would stop altogether. I then expressed my resignation to God's will, saying, "Thy will be done, my Father."

Immediately there fell upon me, from the unseen world, a peace, oh, a peace of mind and ease of body which this visible world cannot impart. While meditating upon its significance, its interpretation came; *viz.*, "Your time has not yet come, your work

is not yet finished." I felt so happy that I immediately went to sleep. Oh think, my soul, of a Being having such power to do good, a Being so near, and in the darkness of the night as in the day! My heart goes out with thankfulness to God for His goodness to me, and tears of gladness drop from my eyes while I write. This is the first time any attempt has been made by me to write it. I am amazed to think such an insignificant individual as I, should be noticed by a Being with such power.

I informed my people of the night's occurrence, and that I had a new lease of life, for how long, I did not know. Since this occurrence, I have been without pain, and slowly gaining strenght. It is now (December, 1903) full three months since the occurrence. This occurrence fully convinces me that Heaven's power of protection is over me, and for that reason I was not slain in some of those death-dealing accidents that I have passed through.

This was neither a vision nor a dream, but a fact, as was that of the lame man who sat at the beautiful gate of the temple—although I cannot point to Peter as a witness.

- But I was in mental affliction and bodily pain before, and in a moment I was happy and without pain. I yet remain so.

Paauiilo, Hawaii.

STAND FIRM.

Is yours the post of duty,—danger, too?
 It is the only work a man should do.
 Attention! Eyes in front! Now see it through!
 Stand firm!

The hardest task,—that falterers may shun,—
 Ah, that is where the laurel's to be won!
 How sweet the victor-song at setting sun!
 Stand firm!

The prophet-soul,—the martyr,—singing free
 In clearer ether,—though we cannot see,—
 Yet hover near us, bidding you and me
 Stand firm!

—*Success.*

A CUBAN FUNERAL.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

The Colon cemetery is one of the great sights of Havana. It is becoming more and more the practice to embellish the cities of the dead with the finest specimens of art; and Havana has nothing more artistic than her beautiful cemetery. It is the custom there to bury the dead between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, and tourists frequently take advantage of these hours to witness some of the peculiarities of Cuban life, in its relation to the dead. The cemetery is some distance from the city, but can be easily reached by means of the electric street car. Tourists often wait for hours about the cemetery to witness, perchance, some gorgeous pageantry, or watch the poor hurry the dead to their last resting place, on the shoulders of four or six negroes.

We went out in the afternoon to look about the cemetery, and examine its beautiful monuments. Just as we were entering the large gates, a motley crowd came up with a coffin that was carried rapidly on the shoulders of four Cuban boys. It was dropped down for inspection, in front of the small house of the sexton that stands near the gate. A civil officer was on duty, and hurriedly fulfilled the requirements of the law by raising the lid of the coffin and looking at the corpse. Those near enough curiously gazed at the form of a young woman whose husband seemed to be very much affected, and, indeed, he was the only one that seemed to be the least concerned of what was going on. The Catholic priest then performed a brief ceremony which could not have required more than a half minute. The young man who seemed most affected remained near the gate, while the others hastily carried the coffin to the grave.

We tried to keep up with the crowd, which hurried along as though it were anxious to finish the business with all possible speed. We had not gone far when we met a magnificent funeral

cortege which was just leaving the cemetery. The elegant royal-looking hearse was drawn by four beautiful horses, covered so by trappings that one might have almost imagined that it was a carnival float. In front of the horses marched four postilions. One funeral procession represented the necessities of the poor; the other, the opportunities of the rich. We hurried on to witness what was done at the grave. The coffin with the body was lowered a distance of four feet, and the dirt piled in, in a hasty and abrupt manner. In shoveling the dirt back, the bones and a part of the skull of a former occupant of the same grave were uncovered. The boys laughed over their discovery, and examined the skull which still had hanging to it long locks of auburn hair. The former occupant had simply a temporary resting place, and it was quite likely that most of the bones had been piled into the bone yard when a new lessee of the grave had purchased a second, or it may be, a twentieth, leasehold. At the end of five years, the same grave we now saw filled may be occupied by some one else. The poorer classes cannot afford to purchase burial lots which cost about \$225. each. A grave is therefore leased for a period of five years. If it is to be occupied by one person, the cost for that time is \$10; if it is to be occupied by three, one on top of another, the cost is only \$3. for each person. If at the end of five years the lease is not continued, the corpse is taken up and thrown into the bone yard. The owners of the dead may, if they prefer, deposit the body in a large ditch, in a coffin, if they can afford it, and if not, one is lent them; but after the remains have been thrown into the ditch, or common trench, the coffin must be returned. Many never bother with their dead after once buried, so the authorities dig them up and throw them into the common bone pile which is in a corner of the cemetery, and was open to view until the American occupation.

Drunken American soldiers sometimes took the bones and skulls from the yard and drove through the City of Havana bedecked with these ghastly remains of the dead. General Brooke put a stop to this. The hole was filled up, and a rock wall built around the place. Tourists, however, found a way to climb over the wall. From the inside, they selected a bone or two to carry away as a souvenir. In a trench near by were to be found remnants of decayed and broken coffins which had been piled into a

heap. The handles and ornaments were stripped from the coffins and carried away by tourists, as mementos of a peculiar custom which obtains in Cuba. The American Baptist Cemetery Association, whose graveyard is near by the Colon, follows, it is said, the same rule with respect to the dead.

In Cuba, the friends of the deceased are invited to the funeral. If well-to-do they always come in carriages. By custom of the country, women and children never attend funerals. After the interment, the gentlemen friends return to the home of the mourners with whom they shake hands as a token of sympathy.

The Colon cemetery contains some beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture. The memorial of rarest beauty in the cemetery is the Firemen's Monument. Of its kind, it is, perhaps, the finest work of art in the world. The equitable climate of Cuba has made it possible to give expression to a delicacy of art that is not found in colder climates, where wet and frost soon crumble away the finer carvings. This monument was erected in memory of those firemen who lost their lives in the great conflagration of May 17, 1890. The most interesting monument is that erected to the memory of the students who were shot at La Punta, on the 27th of November, 1871, by order of the Spanish military authorities. A Cuban had killed a colonel of the Volunteers, Gonzalez Castanon. It was later claimed that some students of the medical school had broken into the tomb and scratched the glass plate on his coffin. The Volunteers were an organization of Spanish artisans and clerks that terrorized, for a long time, the Cubans of Havana. The civil authorities tried the students and, dismissed them for want of evidence. Later the Volunteers forced the military authorities to take up the case of the students. By the proceedings of a court martial, these students were tried again, convicted and executed. Twenty years after, the son of Castanon came from Spain to take his father's body to his native land, and then informed the public that the glass plate on the coffin had been scratched by the masons who had repaired the tomb. In sympathetic memory to the innocent lives of a large number of students, scarcely out of their teens, a beautiful monument has been erected.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SHORT WAY WITH THE REORGANIZERS.

BY FREDERIC CLIFT, M. D.

The following article is written with a view to the discouragement of street-corner discussions with elders or members of the Reorganized church. If left severely alone, they, by their misstatements of known facts, soon lose the confidence of their listeners. Apparently their chief aim is to provoke controversy, and thus force some one in the crowd to protest, thereby furnishing food for further vituperation and misstatement. Occasionally, where matters have become tangled up, it seems necessary to expose the insincerity of the claims made; and on such rare occasions as these, or when discussing reorganization in the family circle, the following may be of service to those called upon to represent the gospel of Jesus Christ as reavealed in these latter-days. It is suggested that in meeting attacks from this source, we should not allow the discussion to cover too much ground. It is impossible to properly discuss such a subject as succession to the presidency in one, two, or a number of hours, and for this reason we should refuse to be led into argument thereon, under inappropriate conditions. On the other hand, when the "reorganized" elder has tangled himself up in obvious misstatements, a question, to which the answer is practically a simple yes or no, will often suffice to bring the meeting to a close. It may be truly said that the Reorganizers, while asserting that they accept the great truths taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, are, like Esau, selling their birthright for a mess of pottage, in order to secure favor with the sectarian world, *e. g.* their rejection of temple ordinances for the dead.

It was not polygamy that led Marks, Briggs and Gurley, the founders of the Reorganized church, to wander around Missouri,

Illinois, and other states, seeking some one to lead them in their secession from the Church of God; nor was it ignorance which led them to throw themselves into the arms of the admitted apostates Strang, Page, William Smith, Lyman Wight and others, who rebelled against the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, ignoring or forgetting the statement of the prophet—"Where I am not there is no First Presidency over the Twelve." (*Church History*, vol. II, p. 374.) On the death of the Prophet Joseph, this quorum—having been so designated by revelation—became the presiding authority in the Church, and were so sustained by the vote of the people. But these men, rejected by both Church and people, did like Micah, of Mount Ephraim, who made an ephod* and teraphim,† and consecrated one of his sons who became his priest. Micah, however, recognizing that this home-made priest had no authority, found a young man who was of the priestly tribe of Levi, and induced him to become his priest, saying, "Dwell with me, and be unto me a father, and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver by the year, and a suit of apparel, and thy victuals. * * * and Micah consecrated the Levite, and the young man became his priest." This is probably the first recorded instance in which a priest received a stated payment for his services. Micah was a schismatic, and today, those who leave the Church of God are found to have paid preachers, who "teach for hire, and "divine for money." We find the reasons for Micah's action in Judges xvii: 6: "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." So with Marks, Briggs, and others. The Prophet Joseph having been brutally murdered, we find these men, instead of recognizing God's authority in the next presiding body—the quorum of the Twelve—doing "every man that which was right in his own eyes." They became apostates, some were excommunicated, while others, by their own schismatic acts, cut themselves off from the Church. History repeats itself. We read in Numbers 16: 3, that Korah, Dathan and Abiram "gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron, and said unto them: "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congre-

* Ephod: a part of the high priest's dress.

† Teraphim: small images used as household gods.

gation are holy, every one of them—and the Lord is among them—wherefore, then, lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?” So in the history of the Church of these latter-days, we find these self-styled Reorganizers rebelling against the Lord’s anointed.

The history of Marks, Strang and others, is interesting, but the details of their apostasy and their efforts to found churches, which eventually culminated in their inducing young Joseph Smith to become their priest—like Micah’s young Levite—are too intricate for street-corner debate.

The elders of the Reorganized church appear to live on contention. Their manner of attacking the true followers of Christ tends to gather around them an element in full accord with them in one particular—abuse of the “Mormon” people. Hence, they always have in their street gatherings the rough anti-“Mormon” element who laugh and applaud whenever an attack is made on the Latter-day Saints; and the more vindictive the attack, the greater the applause from this class. Our young men who stop to listen, as a rule, are of the class who have not studied the subject under discussion, and are therefore unfamiliar with the questions at issue. But having the true spirit of the gospel, it grates upon their nerves to hear their parents, and those whom they love and respect, abused and vilified, as they have been from time to time. Hence they are led, in their zeal—but without knowledge—to ask questions when opportunity is granted. The result is that instead of receiving an answer, the man in charge of the meeting ridicules the questioner, and, if it is a question that he cannot answer, it is most successfully evaded; if he can, it is done in such a way that the questioner’s ignorance is made manifest. Like any other bunco game, the advantage is all on the side of the sharper who poses as an elder of light. A person may ask no end of questions, but if they are of a nature to upset the claims of the Reorganizers, they will never be answered; and all that could be done would never force a correct answer to an honest question. These same “elders” will not discuss in private with any one who can successfully meet them. As soon as they learn that a person is prepared for them, their visits cease. They are after the bluster, strife and prominence that comes to them from public discussions.

of the street-order kind, knowing that the questioner is, aside from asking the questions, entirely gagged. If your question is not answered, and you remind them of it, they will ask you to keep still, that it is not your meeting, and that is all the satisfaction you get out of it. There are innumerable reasons why our young men should not discuss with them, in this way. Those who are capable of doing so, will see to it that, if debate is necessary, the conditions of the discussion are such that these disputers and slanderers of our people are kept to the appointed subject matter. Our young men should not forget that they are dealing with those who are paid to devote their whole time to the work, and that our Lord and pattern withdrew himself on one occasion from those who desired contention.

Instead, therefore, of allowing the Reorganizers to lead us into a discussion of abstruse or disputable subjects, let us get down to first principles.

Did Marks, Briggs and Gurley, the founders of the reorganized schism, associate with Strang, Page, William Smith, Lyman Wight, and other notorious apostates, and assist one or more of them in their attempts to found schismatic churches?

If so, did they not cut themselves off from the body of the Church? Excommunication is not the only way in which a church member loses his fellowship. We do not read that Judas Iscariot was cut off from the Church or his quorum. He, by his acts, brought about his own cutting off.

The Reorganizers assert that the quorum of Twelve, with Brigham Young, usurped authority, and did that which was evil. If so, the Doctrine and Covenants, sec, 107, sets forth the course to be followed by those making charges against their brethren. The whole section should be read, but the following verses have a specific bearing on the acts of these men:

27. And every decision made by either of these quorums must be by the unanimous voice of the same. * * *

32. And in case that any decision of these quorums is made in unrighteousness, it may be brought before a general assembly of the several quorums, which constitute the spiritual authorities of the Church, otherwise there can be no appeal from their decision.

81. There is not any person belonging to the Church, who is exempt from this council of the Church.

82. And inasmuch as a president of the High Priesthood shall transgress, he shall be had in remembrance before the common council of the Church, who shall be assisted by twelve counselors of the High Priesthood.

83. And their decision upon his head shall be an end of controversy concerning him.

84. Thus none shall be exempted from the justice and laws of God, that all things may be done in order, and in solemnity before him, according to truth and righteousness.

Did Marks, Briggs, or Gurley bring Brigham Young or other members of the quorum of Twelve before the common council of the Church to be tried for their alleged offenses?

If not, why not? This is God's way of dealing with controversy; very different from the street-corner plan of the Reorganization. Their argument that the quorum of Twelve, and the whole priesthood *except* themselves, were in transgression does not hold water in the face of God's plan for the settlement of such questions. These men, claiming to be reorganizers of the Church of God, instead of prosecuting and sustaining their charges, in accordance with God's plan, did like Korah, Dathan and Abiram of old, saying, in substance, to the quorum of Twelve: "Ye take too much upon you." Their answer, that of the second-rate lawyer, is a *tu quoque*, why did not you "Brighamites" bring young Joseph before the Church courts? It is sufficient that young Joseph did not set himself up as a leader of the Reorganized until 1860. He was quiescent for some fifteen years, and during that time drifted away and became disassociated from the Church, and by his own acts ceased to have any standing in it.

Again, the Lord, speaking of the Church, calls it "my Church." The question arises, by what name is "my Church" known? God's own revelation answers it once for all. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 115: 4, "For thus shall my Church be called in the last days, even the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Where does the word "Reorganized" come in? The title page of the Reorganized edition of the Doctrine and Covenants states that the revelations therein presented have been carefully

selected—possibly like the selected writings included in the Bible, at the Council of Carthage. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the Reorganizers have *omitted to select* this revelation giving the name of “my Church” in these last days. It is, however, referred to in the early editions of their own Church history, and acknowledged by their own historian, Heman C. Smith, as a revelation. But how many of the lay members of the Reorganization are aware of this revelation? By its omission from their copy of the Doctrine and Covenants, we are justified in assuming that the Reorganizers seek to cover up the evidence of their apostasy and their man-made name. A direct question, therefore, regarding the name of “my Church” in the last days, and a statement of the facts will invariably cause the Reorganized elder to have a very important engagement elsewhere. Probably he will even forget to hand out his favorite tract on polygamy.

Again, in I Kings, 22: 17, we find the Prophet Micah declaring: “As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak;” and in this dispensation, in a letter to Orson Spencer, July 23, 1848, the Prophet Brigham Young declared, “The Lord’s will is my will, all the time; as he dictates, so will I perform. If he don’t guide the ship, we’ll go down in the whirlpool.”

These men spoke by the authority of God. There was no quibbling or modification of language, to suit the views of the men to whom they spoke. How different to the statement made by the Reorganized prophet, at Los Angeles, on the 21st of July, 1901, Young Joseph there declared to the people, assembled at a camp meeting: “In 1860, I took charge of the work. I told the people I came before them by some power not of myself. *I pledged myself to preach no doctrine not approved by them.* * * * I stand today, after forty years, and renew that pledge.” In the face of this declaration, can a Reorganized elder truthfully assert that he does not preach the doctrine of men? His leader and prophet says he will only preach such doctrines as they, the people, may dictate. *Vox populi* has indeed become *Vox Dei*, so far as this sect is concerned, and the Reorganization confesses itself, through young Joseph, to be a *man-made*, and *man-controlled* church.

After admissions, such as must follow questions on these

lines, what need is there to discuss succession in the presidency, or polygamy? The latter has been a dead issue for some fourteen years, yet the Reorganizers keep whipping the dead horse, and by loud talk try to make not only the world, but Latter-day Saints, even here in Utah, believe that the corpse is a live and kicking one. Their temerity in mis-stating the true facts on this subject shows their confidence in the patient endurance of the liberty-loving people of Zion. No other people would tamely submit to facts connected with their fathers and mothers and their own selves being perverted, as they are, day after day on the street corners of their own cities. I fear, at times, that some one in a crowd may become so indignant at the slanderous statements made by these preachers of the gospel of controversy, as to be tempted to interrupt their meetings. As it is, we pass by on the other side, remembering that Jesus hath said: "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." May our Reorganized friends repent, and turn from their ways, before they are forced to hear the words, "Too late."

Provo, Utah.

THE LOST BRIDE.

(A Sonnet for Music.)

The wan sun fell across the restless deep;
 Upon the rocks and sand the tide made moan;
 The sea-bird, winging from the caverned steep,
 Had left me standing on the beach alone.
 The ancient cypress, in the darkened wood,
 Its pendent moss and branches gently swayed;
 The night winds crept around me as I stood,
 And through the land a low, sweet music made.
 But in my heart was sadder passion still,
 Than any voiced by wind or tree or tide;
 All thoughts of anguish did my bosom fill,
 In that dark hour you should have been my bride:
 Salt, bitter tears were mine instead of thee,
 O my lost love, who sleeps beneath the sea!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE GIFT DIVINE.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

(For the Improvement Era.)

O'er Palestine the hush of night falls softly.
On Lebanon and Hermon, caps of snow
Are crimsoning 'neath the last faint shaft of day,
Their sides, sombre in walnut, cedar, oak, and pine.
Seen from Gerizim's height, Gennesaret
Flows indigo and silver; mirror-like,
Reflects the miracle of day's decline
With the star-herald of the night to be.
The hills and glens of Gilead pulseless sleep,
In purpling gloom; in Kedron's turbid brook,
Far past the grave of many a sleeping Jew,
Flow darkling waters, sweet as Carmel's springs.
April has covered all the lower hills
With blossom-laden turf; and vineyards droop,
Just budding into fruit. The meadows lie
Like emerald velvet, and the barley fields
Bend heavy-headed for the reaper's hand.

Jerusalem, the golden, flashes back
The sun's goodnight from gilded minaret
And temple dome. Camel and dragoman,
Horseman, footman and beggar, Gentile, Jew,
Are hastening through the gateways, ere they close;
And Roman soldiers pace, armed *cap-a-pie*,
The proud yet conquered City of the Jews.
Each clanging bell, each bugle note, is hushed;
Each booth is closed; hawker and chafferer

Have ceased their money-getting, for the nonce,
 And sought the quiet of their own courtyard.
 The evening meal is done; and rich, and poor,
 Go out upon their housetops, or enjoy
 The balmy breezes from their garden seats.

Come, let us leave

The man in priestly vestments to his thoughts;
 The sages, to their argument;—and so,
 The lovers to their love; maternal care,
 To contemplation of her sleeping brood;
 The drunken soldier, to his ribald song;
 The maiden, to her prayer. The world moves on,
 Unknowing and unmindful of the gift
 Our God this night bestows upon the world.

All through the warm spring day had caravans
 And cavalcades of Jews, upon the road,
 Passed each his way, unto his native place,
 To be recorded, as was Cæsar's will.
 And many passed (as we the angels pass,
 Unseeing and unknowing every day,)
 Joseph and Mary; he of quiet mien,—
 A little stern to others, but to her
 All tenderness, and sweet self-abnegation.
 [Hail, Joseph! thou, unlettered and unsung,
 Except through peerless Mary: thou to whom
 Was sent a trial few men could endure,
 And keep their faith and truth. All honor be
 Unto thy humble trust, thy prayerful heart;
 Fit guardian of the Virgin and her Child!]
 The purple twilight deepens into night,
 And still the two plod on,—Mary, the Blessed,
 On her humble perch, weary and heavy-eyed;
 And foot-sore, patient Joseph by her side.
 From Bethlehem, the "City on a Hill,"
 Of which the prophets spoke, gleamed twinkling lights
 To welcome them. Above shone countless stars,
 Like sweet familiar faces, smiling down
 As if they knew her secret, and rejoiced.
 From cumbering flesh, her spirit lifts in prayer:

"The mystery is upon me! See, oh, God,
 I give myself again into thy hands.
 Be with me in my trial, Lord." And lo,
 The very gloaming of the fragrant eve
 Broods round her as a mantle; soft descends
 The Spirit's benediction, filling all
 The Virgin-heart with thoughts unutterable.
 Timid, yet trusting, trembling, yet secure,
 She feels, through all her being, swift the pang
 Of speedy, God-attended motherhood.
 What though there is among the haunts of men
 No shelter for them; that a humble cave,
 Cut out from living stone to shelter beasts
 From icy blasts of winter, first gave forth,
 Upon the budding summer's ambient air,
 The cry of Bethlehem's Babe, oft prophesied
 By holy men of old! What though a manger,
 Empty now of winter's garnered store,
 To fodder beasts of burden, cradled first
 This gracious Ransom!
 Man gives not that the heavens have to give,
 Nor can the sons of men from Gods withhold
 Their own creations. The earth is thine, oh Lord;
 The lowing cattle on a thousand hills;
 Yet thou hast chosen *of thine own free will*
 Thy birth among the lowly. And to him
 Who hath exalted them of low degree,
 Our praises ring forever! Even the rocks
 Are friendly to the Babe; the very earth
 Is gala-decked, in robes of grass and flowers,
 To bid him welcome; and the vision, closed
 To worshipers of mammon, opens forth
 To humble shepherds, on Judea's hills,
 Who watch their bleating flocks by night, near by
 The verdant fields where Ruth and Boaz met.

Clean of hand, pure of heart, shepherds are watching
 Their flocks in the hills, safe as lambs in the fold!
 Clean of word, pure of thought, softly they're telling
 Of promises made by Isaiah of old;
 The hours beguiling, by each to each talking

Of mercies Jehovah hath shown in the past;
 How Israel, in bondage hath oft been delivered,
 And wondering how long present bondage must last;
 When the deep-galling yoke of the Romans be broken,
 And the last hateful spear of the Roman be cast.

There is prayer in their hearts; and upon their lips, pleading
 Unto him who can only their nation repair,—
 Who only can give to the bondman his freedom,
 Respect for the aged, safe-guard to the fair:
 "The king that was promised delayeth his coming,
 Our spirits are sick with the hope that's deferred.
 To Abraham's God we so humbly have prayed,
 Oh, grant thou, Jehovah, our pleadings be heard;
 That the enemy's power, from this hour be abrade,
 And the honor that's promised on Zion conferred."

See! Lo, where a moment before loomed the darkness,
 A star, large and brilliant, they note in the sky;
 A center of radiance, glowing and gleaming,
 And spreading its glory around and on high.
 The darkness is changing to glow of the morning;
 Before them is standing an angel of light!
 A robe of fair whiteness his body adorning,
 His countenance grand, and benign as 'tis bright;
 And his voice, strange and sweet, as the cadence of waters,
 As it falls on the ears, on this wonderful night! —

"Fear not: 'tis joyful tidings that I bring
 To you and all the world; for Christ, the King
 And Savior of mankind, this day is born
 In Bethlehem of Judah. And the sign,
 (That ye may know the words I speak are true)
 A manger cradles him whom ye would view;
 In God's own way, he answers all your prayer;
 In swaddling-clothes the Infant Christ lies there."

Scarce hath the glorious messenger proclaimed
 His matchless tidings, and the Christ-child named,
 When all the vibrant air with music fills,

From myriad angel voices! rolls and thrills
Through intervening space, in melody
Celestial and supernal. Myriad shapes

With dazzling forms and faces—hosts of heaven—

Come back to earth to praise the hand that's given

This priceless proof of Father-love divine

To all his children. Chant in joyous time

Exultant pæans; sing that glorious score

Which echoes down the ages evermore.

Join thou, O Earth!—the gift is unto thee!

Who gave to make thy countless nations free:

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, FOR HIS PLAN!

PEACE ON EARTH, AND ALL GOOD WILL TO MAN!

SARAH E. PEARSON.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

When Diogenes took the lantern to look for an honest man he implied pretty plainly that he did not expect to find one. Diogenes was a grumbler. If he had gone out with a smile and more confidence in his fellows, he would have stumbled over honest men at every corner. It is the same way with blessings. Whoever sits down with a scowl on his face and meanness in his heart will find this world a cloudy place. But let him take for his lantern a smile, a little faith in human kind and in God, and the world will blossom abundantly. A man's blessings are all in his own heart. If he keeps that pure and open and cheerful, the world will appear so. He may not be rich in a material way. But it is not of the great things that life is made up; it is of the little things. To see the blue of the sky, and many green trees; to talk for a while with a good friend; to read some spirited piece of verse or some helpful book; to sit down to a dinner, however simple, with a healthy appetite; to be able to do some little favor for a friend which will bring a smile to his face—these are little things, but they are the blessings which make life worth while. If you stop to count, you will find that you have a good many more of such than you had imagined. You can easily add to what you have.—*Selected.*

WIT AND HUMOR IN THE MISSIONFIELD.

No Lack of Funds.

The Life of John Taylor, by B. H. Roberts, records the following dialogue between President Taylor and Elder Parley P. Pratt. The former was at New York, on his way to England, and was staying at the latter's home, who was then presiding over the New York mission. Brother Pratt had heard the rumor that Elder Taylor had plenty of money. So he came to him one day privately, when this conversation occurred:

Elder Pratt—"Brother Taylor, I hear you have plenty of money?"

Elder Taylor—"Yes, Brother Pratt, that's true."

Elder Pratt—"Well, I am about to publish my *Voice of Warning* and *Millennial Poems*. I am very much in need of money, and if you could furnish me two or three hundred dollars, I should be very much obliged."

Elder Taylor—"Well, Brother Parley, you are welcome to anything I have, if it will be of service to you."

Elder Pratt—"I never saw any time when means would be more acceptable."

Elder Taylor—"Then you are welcome to all I have."

And putting his hand into his pocket, Elder Taylor gave him a copper cent, *all he had*. A laugh followed.

"But," interjected Parley, "I thought you gave it out that you had plenty of money?"

"So I have," was the reply. "I am well clothed, you furnish me plenty to eat and drink; and good lodgings; with all these things and a penny over; as I owe nothing, is not that enough?"

Preaching Under Difficulties.

We were two in number, new in the field, and had never held an out-door meeting. But we felt keenly our delinquency in this last respect; for English weather and conditions generally are so

favorable to this kind of preaching that no missionary to that land ever escapes this test of his strength. Hence, we determined to hold an open-air meeting, let the consequences be what they might.

Having chosen a spot, in a village distant by several miles from where we were known, we took opposite sides of the street, and invited the people to our meeting. But there must have been something about us, or about the way we did the inviting, that awakened suspicion concerning us without arousing curiosity; for none came, though we had borrowed a chair, and stood there with open books ready to sing and preach.

"I can't do this!" I said to my companion. "Who'll we preach to?"

"Oh, the audience 'll come," he answered.

But I could not see the point. So, gathering my courage, I went up to a group of boys a few rods away, who, in default of anything more exciting, were intently watching our maneuvers, and asked them if they would mind coming down to where my companion stood and form a nucleus for a crowd. They looked at each other, re-inspected me from head to foot, but gave me no answer. Would they only come for a little while? they might leave as soon as anyone else came. The leader finally said, "Come on," and went towards the place of meeting, followed by the rest, I bringing up the rear.

We sang, much to the delectation of the boys; I prayed; and my companion preached a short sermon, standing bravely on the chair. While this last was going on, I was standing behind him perspiring and trembling energetically in anticipation of the part I was shortly to take. Meantime, some of my boys had taken me at my word, and left the meeting in disgust at the abstractions dealt out to them. Others, however, had stayed, and a number of new-comers, principally children, had made an appearance.

When my turn came, I felt totally inadequate to the task of standing on the chair, as my companion had done, and so was content to rest my hands on the back of it, for purposes of self-support. I had been speaking only a few minutes, when the "crowd" manifested no small degree of restlessness, turning their eyes in another direction. Looking in the same direction myself, I saw two women emerging from a house not far away, with a

drunken man struggling between them. This was too much for my audience, and they left me on the run. They were soon around the pugilistic trio; looked on while the women threw the man into the gutter, and brought him into proper state of mind; and, when it was all over, took up their stand again in front of our chair, and listened attentively till the meeting was over. We had held our first meeting on the street.

For the Knowing Ones.

It occurred while I was on a business trip to an eastern city. I had always gone to the conference house to stay, in order to partake of the spirit of the missionary; and this time was no exception. The house was one of those "convenient" places which, in the city, are called "flats." It was dark when I reached it, after my day's work.

I rang the bell, but there was no response. I rang again, with the same result. Several times I repeated this, but with no answer. It could not be, I thought, that no one is at home. Yet such must be the case.

Getting tired of this fruitless ringing, I determined to ring the upper floor.

"Who's there?" came from a window above me.

"I want the "Mormon" elders on the second floor," I answered.

"Then ring for them! They're home all right."

So I betook me again to the bell, with the assurance that someone was certainly in the room. But no response.

I rang the bell for the first floor.

"Who's there?"

"I want the "Mormon" elders on the next floor," I said.

"Well, ring for them, and don't be disturbing others with your ringing."

"But I have rung several times."

"Then ring again; they're home, I know, because they're making a deuce of a racket up there."

And so I rang once more, but unsuccessfully. I called the first floor again, and induced the person to let me in, so that I could go up there. I went up, and opened the door.

They were in, sure enough—two of them, at least. Every-

thing was in disorder. The men had their coats off; one was looking under the bed, the other was standing on a chair trying to look on top of a large book-case. Hearing the door open, they looked up at me in the greatest consternation.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"There's a bell here somewhere that keeps ringing all the time," one replied, "and we're trying to find it."

Of course, I revealed the mystery at once. They had been there only that day, and had never been disturbed before in this unnatural manner.

Hard to Understand.

A missionary in Germany writes that it is not always best to begin speaking publicly the new language, too soon after arrival. He cites an instance of an elder who, having been only a short time in the field, undertook to pray in a gathering of Saints. He did the best he could in the foreign language, but how he succeeded is best understood from the remarks of a good sister who came to him after meeting and seriously said:

"Dear Brother, next time do you pray in English; the good Lord will better understand."

Not in the Bible.

It is a common notion "in the world" that "Mormonism" and polygamy are synonymous terms. Very often, therefore, witicisms directed against the elders receive their point from this source, which the following will illustrate:

An energetic young elder, who is still alive and will probably read this, was, years ago, doing missionary work in Ireland. On this particular occasion, he was preaching to a good-sized audience on the first principles of the gospel. As is the general custom of the elders in the missionfield, he was endeavoring to show his audience that no two of the contending sects of Christendom can be the true Church, and he had quoted several verses from the Bible in support of this statement. One passage the last to be given on the topic—was especially pointed; so he repeated it with an energy and emphasis that anyone who has heard him give this favorite verse can easily understand. It was from Paul: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism"—"And one wife, be jabus," blurted out one of the listeners.

TOPICS OF MOMENT.

Shakhe, the Second Battle of Liao-Yang.

It was on the 2nd of October that General Kuropatkin issued an address to the Russian army, calling attention to the history of the war for the past seven months, and incidentally praising his men for their bravery in their retreating battles from Port Arthur to Liao-Yang. In it he stated that the enemy had so far

Chosen as he deemed fit his time for attack, but now the moment to go to meet the enemy, for which the whole army has been longing, has come, and the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian army are strong enough to begin a forward movement. * * * We must go forward fearlessly, with a firm determination to do our duty to the end, without sparing our lives. The will of God be with us all.

This forward movement of the Russians began with the occupation and rebuilding of the Shakhe station and bridge, on the railroad, fifteen miles south of Mukden, and it was confidently expected that the Czar's army would advance southward to the relief of Port Arthur, while this turnabout movement was heralded abroad as a turning point of the war. But the fortunes of war did not change with the face-about of the Russians. The Japs met them, and for a week, from October 9 to 18, one of the fiercest and most terrible battles of the war raged, resulting in a defeat of the Russians, with a loss of life exceeding that of the battle of Liao-Yang. The slaughter all along the line was terrible. More than 4,500 Russian dead were left in front of General Kuroki's army alone, and the total Russian loss, as per official report of the general staff at St. Petersburg, was 45,000 men and 800 officers, killed, wounded and missing. Early in November,

Field Marshal Oyama reported the Japanese loss at 15,879 men. It is said that more ammunition was expended than in any other battle in the world's history; and that the Russians fired more shots in this and the battle of Liao-Yang than during the entire Russo-Turkish war. The Japs defended their positions with hand-grenades, and in many cases died to a man rather than surrender. The Russians, who are without their winter coats, and who appear not to be clothed as well as the Japanese, quickly appropriated the warm clothing of the Japanese corpses. Barring some outpost skirmishing, little was done by either army up to the middle of November, but the Russian and Japanese outposts were only a few hundred feet apart, both being well protected by natural and artificial defenses, and entrenched on opposite sides of the Shakhe river, between Liao-Yang and Mukden. On the 23rd of October, General Kuropatkin was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Russian land forces, the order coming ostensibly from Viceroy Alexieff.

The Food of the Japanese Soldiers.

During the present progress of the war in Manchuria, much is said about the Japanese diet on rice, as though he were satisfied with a little of that article, and were receiving his nourishment and strength from this national diet. In earlier times, it is quite true that rice was almost the exclusive diet of the soldier, but he has grown to enjoy foods that are more common to western nations; and today he is probably as well fed as any soldier in the world.

Correspondents at the seat of war give the menu of the soldiers in the field. They rarely receive pure, prepared rice. It is now the custom to mix it with hulled or decorticated grains. This mixture, it is said, he enjoys very much more than the pure rice which does not give the equivalent in physical strength of the mixed diet. The Jap soldier is now served also with meat and fish. His breakfast consists of boiled grain and rice, bean soup, and preserved vegetables. His dinner consists of fish, meat, boiled rice and grain, and cooked vegetables. His supper is the same generally as the dinner, so that the soldier has regularly his three meals a day.

In the army, there is what is called the canteen, at which the

soldier may buy extras, such as white bread which he calls *pan*, and which he prefers to the black bread, called *kuropan*. He also often buys at the canteen a flat sweet cake called *kalapan*. This is about as large as the palm of a hand, and as thick as the little finger. Many of the Japanese also enjoy rice, wine and beer, which the canteen also serves. It is not, however, to be imagined that the practice of drinking among the Japanese can in any way be compared with the frightful *vodka*, or whiskey, habit among the Russians.

The accommodations for the soldier in the field also contribute to his comfort and rest. He has good woolen blankets, and is supplied in the bivouacs with furniture made of braided straw, with camp beds and carpets. The generals have little houses set up in short order, though their conveniences are simple, and not such as to excite any particular envy on the part of the soldiers. It is also said that the soldiers carry along with them small stoves, made of paper that has undergone some chemical preparation that prevents combustion. The winter under-clothing of the troops is also made of a kind of water-proof paper.

While the soldier is on the march, or in battle, he carries with him only his rifle and cartridges, and a small quantity of crushed rice. The Japanese commissariat is carried about on the backs of coolies, Chinese, and Koreans, who keep in the rear of the army. Such transports are easily moved through mud and storm, and have not been subjected to the hindrances which it was supposed the rainy weather would create during the summer months.

The North Sea Imbrolio.

Some time ago it was announced that the Russian Baltic squadron would leave for Chinese waters, in order to relieve the struggling garrison of its desperate situation at Port Arthur. The fleet stopped for a few days at Libau. The report of an early departure of this squadron had been circulated so frequently during the early part of the war between Russia and Japan, and its excuses for remaining at home had been so many times given, that people became quite skeptical about the *bona fide* attempt of the Russians to jeopardize this division of its navy in Chinese wa-

ters. Again, progress of the squadron was slow, but it finally reached the North Sea on the twenty-first of October.

During the night of October 21 and 22, the Russian fleet ran into a lot of trawlers, fishing off Dogger Banks, not a great distance from the English seaport of Hull. To the consternation of the fishermen, the fleet opened fire on them, killing the captain and mate of one of the crews, and wounding about thirty men. One of the trawlers was sunk, and without giving any assistance and without further ado, Rozhdestvensky and his battleships steamed on toward France.

When the news of so unaccountable an event reached England, public sentiment was set aflame. England immediately demanded satisfactory explanation. Russia with her usual oriental diplomacy was not in a hurry. Among orientals there is always a diplomatic virtue in procrastination. Admiral Rozhdestvensky had gone into the Spanish port of Vigo. Here he read the newspapers, and awaited his leisure to give explanation to the Russian government for what his battleships had done.

All the while, England grew more and more impatient, until further delay the English positively would not brook. Thereupon, Rojestvensky, in uncomplimentary terms of the English press, whose news he had evidently been reading, informed the home government that he had been attacked by torpedo boats in the middle of the night. One, he claimed to have sent to the bottom of the sea, and the other to have disabled. This explanation was greeted by the English press as wholly ridiculous; some papers characterized the fleet as a mad dog let loose.

Finally, however, through the mediation of France, it was decided to submit the question of fact raised by Rozhdestvensky's explanation to the Hague Tribunal. This does not mean that the Tribunal has any authority under arrangements to render any other decision than that of whether torpedo boats in the English channel really did attack the Russian fleet. The burden of proof will fall upon the Russians, who, if they fail to make out their case, will still remain in a very awkward and compromising situation with respect to England.

The Japanese denied that they had purchased any torpedoes in Great Britain, since the outbreak of the war, and that they had

any boats whatever in that part of the world. They ridiculed the Russian explanation, and held up the Russians to the world as guilty of the same reckless and headstrong policy toward a helpless fleet of trawler fishermen that they had manifested in their eastern policy where weaker races, the Japanese said, had been overawed, ruthlessly treated, and subjected to barbarous Russian practices.

The German War in West Africa.

The Herrero outbreak, in the German territory of West Africa, has not been so easily overcome as the Germans expected at the outset. Indeed, Germany is now learning that it is much easier to criticise than to do. For years, the Germans have declared that England always erred in overestimating the resisting forces of an adversary, especially in her colonies. It seems that notwithstanding all the observations of English policy that Germany has been able to make, she is nevertheless in about the same position that England so often finds herself. For more than a year, these Hottentots have resisted successfully Germany's effort to suppress the outbreak, and of late some curious complications have arisen. The German territory in West Africa is about twice the size of California, and has a coast line of nine hundred and thirty miles, which has practically no suitable harbor. On this coast line, however, England owns the only real satisfactory harbor, that of Walfish Bay, and about four hundred and thirty square miles surrounding this harbor.

Recently, the Germans asked England for the privilege of using the bay, in landing troops and obtaining easier access to the interior of their West African possessions. This England declined to grant, but for just what reason does not appear in the refusal. The ownership of this bay by the English, is the most serious hindrance that the Germans find in their efforts to colonize and promote commerce in West Africa.

It may be the English hope that the Germans will some day relinquish West Africa to the advantage of Great Britain. If Germany did this, England would be practically in possession of all southern Africa below the eighteenth degree of south latitude. Besides, England owns a large strip of country just east of Ger-

man West Africa, about a thousand miles wide, and known as Rhodesia. The English company that has been exploiting this immense territory has expended over fifteen million dollars, and has realized no profits out of the expenditure. The necessity of finding an outlet from Rhodesia to the east, and the long railway and steamship transportation necessary to bring Rhodesia in touch with Europe, make colonization and commerce very slow.

No doubt the English would be glad to obtain a direct route across German territory to Walfish Bay. The refusal of England to permit Germany to use this bay cannot satisfactorily be explained on the ground that, in a war between Germany and her Herero subjects, England would be violating the rules of neutrality.

Opening of the New York Subway.

On the 27th October, the finished portion of the New York Subway was opened from City Hall and Brooklyn Bridge to 145th street; a distance of nine miles. When it is completed the entire length, it will be the longest of any subway in the world, and will cost more than \$75,000,000. The work of completing it has taken three years and seven months, including delays due to labor troubles. The road will be run by electricity, the third (electric) rail having a protection which aims to eliminate all the dangers which now exist on the elevated road. The current can instantly be cut off from the cars, and all stations are connected by telephone. A fire alarm box is located at all stations, and at every four-hundred feet throughout the subway. The road is equipped with a complete automatic block-signaling and interlocking system, adapted for spacing and directing trains. Every precaution known has been taken for the safety of the public, and the carrying capacity of the road is estimated to be nearly 100,000 persons per hour. From 2:30 p. m. to midnight the trains carried 110,000 persons, and the receipts, \$5,500 were given to the hospitals. The day following the opening, 350,000 passengers were carried. The first train carrying the mayor, ran from City Hall to 145th street, in twenty-six minutes. Other parts of the road will soon be opened, and next summer the extension southward from the city Hall to the Battery, will be ready for use. This will connect with a tunnel-route to Brooklyn. The city owns this wonderful transportation

system which will revolutionize traffic in New York. The construction, however, has been done under private contract, with money which the city loaned to the contractor who has secured the right to operate the road for fifty years, with a right of renewal for twenty-five years. Within fifty years he must repay, by annual installments, \$35,000,000 with interest, and at the end of the lease, the city comes into full possession of the entire property.

The Lucin Cut-off and the Jungfrau Railway.

By the finding of a peculiar, perspective-cube crystal, pushed to the surface in great numbers by the immense weight of the filling, in the seemingly unfathomable depths of what is doubtless the Bear River bed, Alfred Lambourne, the artist, has incidentally called attention to the magnificent engineering skill displayed in the Lucin Cut-off. These crystals are being examined by Dr. Talmage, who has promised a report upon them. The Lucin Cut-off ranks with the world's greatest engineering triumphs, and grows upon the visitor, as he sees it over and over again.

Few people in Utah thoroughly appreciate the wonderful achievement. A foreign engineering work, showing great skill and ranking with the Cut-off, is the Jungfrau railway, eight miles long, and now nearing completion, though much work yet remains to be done. The Jungfrau is one of the chief peaks of the Bernese Alps, in Switzerland, rising far above the limits of perpetual snow. The question of getting to its summit has puzzled many engineers. In 1894, the late Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, obtained an eighty-year concession from the Swiss Federal Council; and by 1896 the line had been decided upon, while in September, 1898, the first section was opened. The road begins at Scheidegg on top of the Wengernalp which is conveniently reached by rail from Interlaken. Before the Jungfrau can be scaled, the Eiger and the Moench must be pierced, to obtain the desired grade. At the Eiger is a six-mile tunnel, four miles of which is now completed. The calcareous nature of the rock in this tunnel makes the work of tunneling very slow, and an advance of only two yards a day marks the slow progress of the workmen, who are completely cut off from the world, during the winter months. The stations on the way up are comfortably provided with heat and light, as well as ample

protection from the avalanche. The power is generated by electric dynamos located on two mountain streams, and is transmitted in the usual way, except in the tunnel where the wires are suspended from the roof. The terminus will be located on a plateau just below the summit, from which tourists will be raised in an elevator two hundred and fifty feet to the top of one of the highest mountains in the world—13,671 feet above sea level.

The present method of climbing the Jungfrau—over glaciers, precipices of ice, and perilous crevasses—requires one hundred hour's time, and an expense of three hundred and sixty francs for a tourist and two guides; but when in a few years the new Jungfrau railway, the steepest in the world, is completed, at a cost of many millions, the journey may be made in comfort in two hours for the small price of nine dollars for the round trip. But every westerner should see the Lucin Cut-off before climbing the Jungfrau by rail.

A Great Encyclopedia.

Eight volumes of the Jewish Encyclopedia have already been issued from the press. This great work will be complete in twelve volumes. Funk & Wagnalls, the New York publishers, have issued no publication so voluminous, scholarly, and important as the Jewish Encyclopedia. The work contains not only every phase of Jewish life from the most ancient Bible times down to the present, but also gives a clear and accurate conception of the relations existing between the Jews and the nations with which they have come in contact. It is really a history of civilization. Every important thing, directly or indirectly associated with Jewish life and literature, is fully considered. The articles are concise, and yet comprehensive enough to give the reader an intelligent conception of the matter treated.

In volume six, special attention is given to Hammurabi's code of laws. The famous tablet containing this code was found in ancient Susa, a city of Babylon, by J. De Morgan, in 1901-2. Mr. Morgan is a French archaeologist, and his discovery is regarded as the most valuable of all ancient Babylonian monuments. The code is compared with the laws of ancient Israel, and in many instances the most striking similarity is found.

Volume seven contains some unique maps of Jerusalem. There are four maps representing Jerusalem at different periods, drawn upon transparent paper. One represents Jerusalem in the time of Nehemiah; another, 70, A. D.; a third, in the time of the Crusades; and the fourth, modern Jerusalem. These maps, when placed over another, show the relative position of the important places in Jerusalem during those four periods. Another matter of particular interest is found in volume four where the chronology of Jewish events, from the destruction of Jerusalem to the year 1902, is given.

This great work will undoubtedly supercede Bible encyclopedias heretofore published. Every student of Jewish life and literature will find in it all the characteristics and important events of Judaism, ably treated. It is certainly the most valuable contribution on Biblical subjects and Jewish life ever published. The volumes are large and copiously illustrated.

GIVE ME STRENGTH.

Strengthen me, O Father dear,
By thy Spirit bring me near;
Comfort me, that holy peace
Never in my heart may cease.

Help me do what e'er is right!
Help me serve thee, day and night!
Help me live a holy life!
Help me hate all sinful strife!

Now I plead in Jesus' name
Thou would'st help me reach that aim;
I am weak, but thou art strong!
Keep me from the ways of wrong.

Give me strength to do thy will,
Free my heart from ev'ry ill!
Give me strength to learn thy mind,
So my soul its rest shall find.

NIELS F. GREEN.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Notwithstanding there is doubt that Christmas is the birthday of our Savior, it was nevertheless a wise provision of the early Christians to set apart a time when they should celebrate the natal day of Christ. It has had the effect of turning men's thoughts to him and to his doctrines and works. We are apt to forget the character of the structure which he built; and some are even prone to consider that his ideals are impracticable. Men have said that the theories which he taught are beautiful, but that under modern arrangements, these cannot be put into practice.

In our day, there is a tendency to count men of little value who are not rich in worldly means and influence; who can not on this day bestow presents upon family and friends, and extend such acts of charity as find their way to the newspapers. But Christ, the ideal, the model, declared of himself: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Yet now he is of all value, and exercises all influence, for only through him are we saved. But it was not the influence of wealth, nor the lavish gifts of gold that made him rich and gave him power. It was the spirit of his Father, the wealth of his inner soul.

Who that can not build a great house, or control vast interests, in our day, is looked upon by those who can, as of only small consequence and little use among men; but with all his poverty, Christ was rich in help, for when the tempest arose, and his disciples came to him in their anguish, calling, "Lord, save us; we perish," he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea, and there was a great calm, causing the men to marvel at his power, that even the winds and the sea obey him!

Men spit in his face and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their hands; "and when they had platted a crown

of thorns, they put it upon his head: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!" They spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him, and finally led him away to crucify him. He bore men's burdens. But his prediction to the High Priest is even now fulfilled: "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power." For generations, men have acknowledged his saying, "All power is given me in heaven and in earth."

There is much to encourage the weak and the lowly, who are spiritually rich, in these incidents; and yet nothing to discourage those who have abundance, and with it are spiritually rich also. But it is good to celebrate his birthday, and to have Christmas come to call our busy attention to the loving nature of Jesus' holy life and character. It is a time when men and women may profitably turn their thoughts on themselves and their conditions, and count their blessings. For we are apt to forget the joys and comforts, and count the sorrows and disadvantages, as if there were no recompense. But even in the lives of the most humble of this people, there is a possibility that the former outnumber the latter two to one, and it is a good thing to cultivate the habit of looking for the blessings. It has a tendency to make us rich and content; and to enable us to realize that riches are not always on the outside, but rather in the heart and feelings.

There are thousands who, like Christ, are poor in outward comforts, but rich in inward wealth. These have been well likened to the Jew's house, as described by Scott in *Ivanhoe*. This Hebrew merchant, it will be remembered, by industry and enterprize, gathered gain at a time when society was disturbed, trade uncertain, and when men feared to buy and sell because of the revolution. When it was learned that the Jew had wealth, the people robbed him, and so he became very cautious. He formed the entrance to his home in an obscure alley, a hovel near a stable. Within were piles of hay; then, farther on, a low passage with a man at the entrance; but beyond that second door, behold! the visitor was ushered into a room splendid enough to have been the reception room of a king or prince,—a room vast and rich with all the splendid furnishings of the East, soft for the feet beneath, and glorious for the eyes above.

And so, there are many people who outside are poor in the goods of this world, but whose inner souls are warmer than the palaces of princes: brilliant with true thoughts, warm with love, radiant with friendship and sympathy, whose days are devoted to good deeds, and whose lives overflow with helpfulness. Like Christ, "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," they are the crowned kings of a better life; though outwardly, like him, they are the pilgrims and the burden-bearers.

During this holiday season, these are the souls who enter into the enjoyment of the rich blessings, and who do their full share to glorify the life of their fellows. I believe that among no other community are as many of this class, in proportion, to be found as among the Latter-day Saints. It is true, however, that we have also that other class who are rich on the outside, and very poor on the inside; and still another who are poor both outside and inside. All classes may well find profit in the spirit of Christmas, and by good deeds or blessed sacrifice seek for that gift of inward wealth to be found by a close study of the life, character and gospel of Jesus Christ, and by adherence to his doctrines. To this end, as Saints, let us follow the admonition of Paul:

Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

NEW MISSION HOMES.

The idea has prevailed in the Church in the past few years that in order to insure the greatest growth, and achieve stability

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and influence in the large mission fields, of which there are now some twenty in number, outside of the organized stakes of Zion, it is necessary to secure homes and churches for the accommodation of the elders, converts, and investigators. To this end a suitable building was erected, and dedicated in Copenhagen, in August, 1902; in Christiania, Norway, the Church already owned one, but rebuilt and enlarged it; new quarters were later purchased in Liverpool, England; Aarhus, Denmark; Chattanooga, Tennessee; and Stockholm, Sweden. In 1903, a mission building was erected in Denver, Colorado, the ground having been purchased in 1901. The location is in West Denver, on the corner of the intersection of South Water Street and West Sixth Avenue, about two miles south of the Union station. The house is built of red, pressed brick, is two stories high, and measures forty-two by forty-five feet in dimensions. The ground floor contains four rooms, used for offices, Sunday school class rooms, etc., and an auditorium with a seating capacity of about two hundred. On the second floor there are nine rooms used for living apartments. The building is warmed by a hot air system, and may be lighted by gas or electricity. The furnishings are of Mexican pine in the natural wood. The building has a flat roof, and is plain in appearance, but substantial. The dedicatory services were held on Sunday, March 13, 1904, the prayer being offered by Elder Joseph A. McRae, president of the mission. The auditorium was over-filled with people, more than half of whom were non-members of the Church.

On Wednesday, August 31, the Church purchased a mission house in Chicago, of which the ERA presents exterior and interior views in this number. The building was the property of the First United Presbyterian church, which sold it, owing to having joined hands with another branch of the same denomination. Negotiations for the purchase of the church began about the middle of April, but owing to the fact that the deed had to cover many minor details, and pass through several hands, the purchase was delayed until the above date. The building is located on the corner of Monroe and Paulina streets, two miles west of the post office. It covers seventy-five by one hundred and thirty feet, including the parsonage which is now occupied as the headquarters of the North-

ern States mission. It is a two-story building, sixty by eighty feet. The main auditorium, on the upper floor, contains a gallery, on the north end, and a pipe organ and choir-loft at the south, back of the pulpit. The interior woodwork of the building, and the pews, are of walnut, of good substantial workmanship. This auditorium will seat comfortably five hundred persons. There are several rooms on the lower floor: the chapel thirty-five by sixty feet, and four smaller rooms for Sunday school work, a church dining room for festival purposes, and a parson's study. The parsonage faces the north, and is twenty-four by fifty-five feet, three stories high. The mission office occupies the front room, on the main floor, back of which is a reception room, and in the rear a dining room, a living room, and a kitchen. There are about fifteen rooms in this building, all of which are comfortably situated. The building is of brick, trimmed with stone, and was purchased for the sum of eighteen thousand dollars. The purchase was made under the supervision of Elder Asahel H. Woodruff who was then president of the Northern States mission. Before the transfer, Elder Woodruff obtained an architect—a friend of our people—to examine the building in its various parts, and he ascertained that it was in a most excellent condition. The architect, who has had a great deal of experience along those lines, declared that such a structure could not be placed upon the ground for less than thirty thousand dollars. The organ cost the former owners the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars; and the pews, the sum of five thousand dollars. Meetings are held in the building, also Sunday school, each Sabbath day. The address is 149, South Paulina street, and Elder German E. Elsworth, president of the mission, is in charge.

Late in October, 1904, a suitable church was purchased for three thousand dollars in Boise, Idaho, north western states mission, now under the presidency of Elder Nephi Pratt.

By letter from President C. J. A. Lindquist, of the Stockholm conference, it is learned that the new mission house in Stockholm was dedicated by Apostle Heber J. Grant, on Saturday evening, October 22, 1904. President Anthon L. Skanchy, of the Scandinavian mission, Elders Christian D. Fjeldsted, Andrew Jenson, and some sixty-seven other elders were present. On the evening of

the 24th, Apostle Grant set apart Elder C. D. Fjeldsted to preside over the Scandinavian mission, to succeed Elder Skanchy.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Complete Concordance to the Book of Mormon."

This is a book of 851 large quarto pages of fine print, containing a complete classification of the words of the Book of Mormon. The enterprise has occupied the author's spare time for over twenty years, and is the most stupendous task ever heretofore attempted and completed by any writer of our Church, ranking, as it does, with the labors of the compilers of Bible concordances. There is only one man in the Church having the patience, perseverance, and unselfish devotion for the work, necessary to accomplish such a prodigious undertaking, and that man is the author, Elder George Reynolds. When it is remembered that he did practically all the work himself, every reader will partly appreciate his prefatory remarks:

"Had I known the vast amount of labor, patience and care it would take to prepare it, I should, undoubtedly, have hesitated before commencing so vast, so tedious, and so costly a work. But having commenced, and feeling its necessity as a help to the study of the Divine work whose name it bears, I have labored early and late on every available opportunity—labored and prayed—until it was prepared for the press."

We say "partly," because no person unfamiliar with the actual work can possibly fully form a conception of the amount of labor involved in the preparation of such a book. The book should be appreciated and purchased by every person, and should have a place in every M. I. A., Sunday School, public and private library in the Church. Many students have waited long for it. The Concordance will now enable them to collect all the passages in the sacred book relating to any subject therefrom, which they may have under consideration, and that in the shortest time and with the smallest amount of labor. The ERA congratulates students of the Book of Mormon upon the increased facilities for

study now at hand, but most do we congratulate Elder Reynolds upon the completion of the immense task, and for the wonderful aid and impetus he has given in and to the study of the Book of Mormon. Price, full cloth, \$6.00; full leather, \$7.00. Order from the author, or from the Sunday School Union, Salt Lake City.

"Branches that Run Over the Wall."

The ERA has received, with the compliments of the author, a neat volume of 268 pages, containing the select writings in prose and poetry of Louise L. Greene Richards. The poem from which the book takes its title is woven from the Book of Mormon, the language of which has been transposed into blank verse, but otherwise remarkably closely adhered to in the poem. The second division, "Clusters from Drooping Sprays," contains some of "Lula's" choicest miscellaneous writings in prose and poetry; while the last part, "The Children's Garland," is a collection of poems and verses for the little folks. An appropriate illustration precedes each part. A book of simple sentiments, expressed from the heart in plain, often sweet and touching language, is *Branches that Run Over the Wall*. Printed by the Magazine Printing Company, Salt Lake City. Price, \$1.50.

THE M. I. A. LECTURE BUREAU.

The Mutual Improvement Associations of the four stakes of Salt Lake City recently united in organizing the "M. I. A. Lecture Bureau." It is the purpose of the Bureau to bring to Salt Lake each season the leading lecturers and entertainers of the United States. For this winter, eleven engagements have been arranged, to be given between November 22, and the end of next March. The following noted men and women, secured from the principal lecture bureaus of New York and Boston, will appear: Jacob A. Riis, a close friend of President Roosevelt, famous as a slum reformer in New York City, who lectures on "The Battle with the Slum;" Hamlin Garland, a western writer; Edmund Vance Cooke, a humorist and poet philosopher; Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, said to be America's foremost lady reader, in four recitals; E. Hopkinson Smith, artist, author, and a charming reader, and a "type of gentleman as rare as black pearls," who portrays southern life; William J.

Clarke, of New York, who gives a popular lecture on radium, wireless telegraphy, etc., with numerous demonstrations; the Dufft Concert Company, including Dr. Carl E. Dufft, America's leading basso; and Lieut. Godfrey Lynet Carden, who treats the interesting subject of "America's Invasion of Europe, or the Race for Commercial Supremacy."

An organization of this kind has long been needed in this city, and so far the movement has received the enthusiastic support of the public. The officers of the M. I. Associations are to be congratulated that such a series of entertainments have been arranged under their auspices.

M. I. A. CONERENCES, 1904-5.

November 13th.....	Emery, Juab, Malad, Parowan, Wayne.
November 19th and 20th.....	Snowflake.
November 20th.....	Alpine, Hyrum, South Davis.
November 26th and 27th.....	St. Johns.
November 27th.....	Kanab, North Davis, Uintah.
December 4th and 5th.....	Maricopa, Panguitch.
December 10th and 11th.....	St. Joseph.
December 11th.....	Beaver, Big Horn, Box Elder, Wasatch.
December 17th and 18th.....	Juarez, St. George.
January 8th.....	Bingham, Jordan, Oneida, South Sanpete.
January 15th	Granite, Millard, Morgan, Summit.
January 22nd.....	North Sanpete, San Luis, Teton, Tooele.
January 29th	Nebo, Pocatello, Sevier, Union.
February 5th	San Juan.
February 12th.	Bear Lake, Cache, Ensign, Fremont, Utah.
February 19th.....	Blackfoot, Salt Lake, Taylor.
February 26th.....	Alberta, Bannock, Liberty.
March 12th.....	Benson, Pioneer.
May 14th.....	Cassia, Woodruff.
May 21st.....	Weber.
July 19th.....	Star Valley.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, GEN. SUPT. Y. M. M. I. A.
 ELMINA S. TAYLOR, PREST. Y. L. M. I. A.
 THOMAS HULL, SEC. Y. M. M. I. A.
 ANN M. CANNON, SEC. Y. L. M. I. A.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.

Local, October, 1904.

UTAH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Director-General Samuel T. Whitaker, of the Utah Exhibit, at St. Louis, announced the following awards for Utah, up to October 12:—

Mines and Metallurgy Building.—Grand prize for the general collective exhibit and installation; gold medal for concentrating plant, Utah Commission; gold medal assayers balances, Salt Lake Hardware Co.; silver medal for coal exhibit, Utah Fuel Co.; silver medal for iron ores, Utah Commission; bronze medal for mineral wax, Culmer & Brother; gold medal for collaborator on model mill, Samuel Newhouse; designs and installation, gold medal collaborator S. T. Whitaker.

Palace of Agriculture.—Grand prize on exhibit irrigated land with products, Utah Commission; grand prize for grains, grasses, etc., Utah Commission; gold medal for collaborator on cyclorama, S. T. Whitaker.

Educational Palace.—Utah schools for Deaf, Dumb and Blind, grand prize; Salt Lake elementary schools, gold medal; Salt Lake High Schools, silver medal; general school exhibit as a whole, silver medal; State Normal school, bronze medal; Utah county schools, bronze medal; Indian Industrial school, bronze medal; Normal Training school, not announced; Agricultural College, experiment station, for a collective display of shopwork, grand prize.

On the 11th of November, Governor Wells received word from Director General Whitaker, that complaint had been made against Utah by some of the competitors who were dissatisfied with the awards given this State. The result was that Mr. Whitaker was called before the International Jury of Awards and the subject of Utah's success was discussed in detail. After a session of two hours the jury affirmed the

former decision and the members declared that the concentrating mill in the Mining building, merited a grand prize, but on account of it being a part of the Collective exhibit which had taken a grand prize, nothing more than a gold medal could be given. The decision in Utah's favor is an important one and will be filed in the archives of the United States government and those of twenty-seven foreign nations. Twenty additional prizes were also awarded to Utah, including gold medals for honey and silk. It was declared by the jury that some of these would have been entitled to a grand prize had they been separate exhibits, but being a part of the grand prize exhibit, like the mill, gold medals were the highest awards possible for them to receive.

FOUNDERS' DAY, B. Y. UNIVERSITY.—On Monday, 24th, this day (Oct. 15, 1875) was celebrated by the students, faculty and friends of the Brigham Young University, at Provo. Many of the business houses closed, and the city had a holiday appearance. Students of the school paraded through the principal streets of the city, preceded by standard bearers carrying the American flag and the school banner of white and blue. Services, which were under the direction of President George H. Brimhall, were held in the tabernacle where Elder Reed Smoot delivered the Founders' day address. Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund, the Utah Stake presidency and others, also delivered short addresses, or took part in the exercises, which were pronounced most successful and entertaining. After the close of the services, at the tabernacle, a new school building for the department of Domestic Science, preparatory and missionary schools, was dedicated by President David John of the Utah Stake.

UTAH JAPANESE CALLED HOME.—On Friday, 25th, E. D. Hashimoto, local Japanese labor agent, received a cablegram from Tokio, requesting him to notify the second reserve men, under his jurisdiction in Utah, Idaho and Nevada, to return at once to Japan to assist the government in its struggle against Russia, the government of Japan paying the expenses of their return journey.

BIRTH-DAY CELEBRATION.—On Tuesday, 25th, Bishop Robert T. Burton celebrated his eighty-third birthday anniversary, at the family residence, in Salt Lake City, which is built upon the spot where the bishop and his wife camped, August 16, 1849, after crossing the plains. There was a large number of his descendants present even to the fourth generation, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

TABER WARD ORGANIZED.—On Sunday, 2nd, the Taber ward, in the

Taylor stake, Canada, was organized with Rans Van Orman, bishop, Thomas Hull and L. Lindsay counselors.

NEW WARD OFFICERS.—Elder Christian J. Christenson was chosen, Oct. 9th, and set apart as a counselor to Bishop W. P. Lindsay in the Bryan ward, Blackfoot stake. On the evening of Sunday, 30th, Frank B. Platt was unanimously sustained by the people of the Thirteenth ward, Salt Lake City, as bishop to succeed the late Bishop Nelson A. Empey. Charles A. Johnson and Samuel M. Taylor were sustained as first and second counselors.

On the same day, Elder George A. Sims was chosen and sustained as second counselor to Bishop Oscar F. Hunter of the Eighth ward, Salt Lake City, vice Elder George F. Richards who removed to Tooele stake.

MISSIONARIES IN THE SALT LAKE STAKE.—On Sunday, 30th, about thirty missionaries were set apart to labor in the Salt Lake stake, under the direction of the Presidency of the stake, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the wayward, and to those who have not embraced the truth. A systematic labor will be carried on, in the nature of house to house visits among people of all classes and religious persuasions.

DIED.—Tuesday, 4th, in Raymond, Canada, Henry Fairbanks, a pioneer of Utah county, and a High Priest in the Alberta stake.—In Preston, Idaho, 5th, Jos. Clayton, born England, Oct. 5, 1847, came to Utah in 1855.—Friday 7th, in St. David, Arizona, Olive Martin Fisher, born April 18, 1821.—Tuesday 11th, in Bountiful, Charles Burns. He was born in Nottinghamshire, England, Dec. 3, 1831, and joined the Church in his youth.—On the same day, in Charleston, Wasatch, while on a visit, Louisa Allen, a pioneer resident of Draper, Salt Lake county.—In Nephi, 11th, Gus Henriod, born Havre, France. He came to Salt Lake, October, 1853, and was first clerk of the first U. S. Marshal of Utah, he also assisted in inaugurating the "Deseret Alphabet."—Wednesday, 12th, in Salt Lake City, Alexander Stiefel, aged 77 years.—Thursday, 13th, in Richfield, Ruth H. Hayward, age 90 years and 6 months, the oldest resident of that place, a native of England and pioneer of 1853.—On the same day in Logan, Peter Hansen, a native of Norway, of old age.—Friday, 14th, in Centerfield, Sanpete, Christian L. Hansen, a veteran of the Blackhawk war, born Denmark, Dec. 27, 1820.—Saturday, 15th, in Salt Lake City, David Hilton, one of the oldest residents, who immigrated from Lancashire, England, in 1855.—Sunday, 16th, in Deseret, Millard, Mary Ann Barton, a pioneer of southern Utah, aged 75 years.—Monday, 17th, in Salt Lake City, Richard W. McAllister, aged 80 years.—Tuesday, 18th, in Arizona, Thomas G. Webster, of Graham county.—On the same day, in Big Cottonwood, Santa Anna Casto, bishop

of Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake county, born in Kane county, Iowa, May 7, 1850, while his parents were on their way to Utah. For twenty-three years he was a counselor in the bishopric, and for the past four years, bishop.—Wednesday, 19th, in Pleasant Green, Janet Y. Cahoon, born August 25, 1820, and a pioneer of 1848.—On the same day in Ogden, William Brown, born Davis Co., Ill., Aug. 22, 1836, a pioneer of Utah.—Friday, 21st, in Nephi, Charles Read, who crossed the plains in Captain Edward Martin's handcart company of 1856, and a pioneer of Juab county, aged 63 years.—Friday, 21st, in Thurber, Wayne county, James Heath, a Utah pioneer, born March 26, 1814.—On the same day in Bountiful, Phebe C. Atkinson, who came to Utah in 1853, born Canada, October 9, 1809, and had 460 living descendants.—Monday, 24th, in Salt Lake City, William Timms, born Berkshire, England, baptized Feb. 16, 1845; presided over the Macclesfield conference in 1847, a faithful elder of the Church.—Friday, 28th, in Payson, John P. Wimmer; one of the oldest residents of that place.—Sunday, 30th, in Salt Lake City, Henry A. Lewis of Georgetown, Idaho, for many years Bishop of the Georgetown ward, from the effects of an accident.—On the same day, on the Lucin Cut-off, George Pidcock, of Ogden, was accidentally killed on the Southern Pacific, R. R.—Sunday, 30th, funeral services were held over the remains of Elder J. J. Mabey, a High Councilor in the Cassia stake of Zion.—In Spanish Fork, 31st, Sarah Banks, born England, January 22, 1826, and came to Utah in 1856.—On September 11, Sunday, Karanema Hapuku of Te Houke, New Zealand, a prominent chief and staunch member of the Church, died.

November, 1904.

FIRE AT PAYSON.—On Saturday, 5th, the Payson tabernacle, Nebo stake, was burned to the ground. The building was an adobe structure erected in 1855. The seating capacity was about 1,200. The origin of the fire is unknown.

DIED.—Wednesday, 2nd, in Monroe, Sevier county, Ole C. Anderson, a pioneer of Monroe, born June 26, 1840.—Friday, 4th, in Salt Lake City, Amanda Gheen Kimball, widow of President Heber C. Kimball, born January 18, 1830, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, a pioneer of 1848, and an active worker in the Relief Society, and the Salt Lake Temple.—Tuesday, 8th, in Tooele City, John Taylor, a High Priest and one of the pioneers of that place, born in Warwickshire, England, April 9, 1823.—On Tuesday, 8th, in Peterson, Morgan county, Mary Boyden, aged 82.—Wednesday, 9th, in Logan, Sylvia S. Hatch, wife of Patriarch Lorenzo H. Hatch, and a pioneer of 1848. She was born in Windham

county, Vt., Nov. 4, 1826.—Sunday, 13th, in Park City, of heart failure, Morris Sommer, an active lawyer and business man of Salt Lake City. He was born in Frankfort, Germany, and came to America in 1880. He had acted as United States Commissioner, and served as a justice of the peace for two years in the second precinct, Salt Lake City. He was a candidate in 1904, on the Democratic ticket, for City judge.—In Salt Lake City, of small-pox, 13th, Alfred C. Myer, an elder in the Church.

Domestic, October, 1904.

RAILROAD WRECKS IN OCTOBER.—On Monday, 10th, twenty-seven persons were killed and thirty injured in a head-on collision on the Missouri Pacific R. R., near Warrensburg, Missouri. On Saturday, 15th, the eastbound Denver and Rio Grande California limited train collided with a westbound freight train, at Beaver Creek, twenty-eight miles west of Pueblo. Two persons were fatally injured and thirteen others seriously. On the same day a Pullman sleeper, attached to the overland train, broke loose near Roseburg, Oregon, plunged over a 15 foot embankment into Crow Creek, while the train was running at a rapid speed. Several of the occupants of the car were severely injured. On Thursday, 20th, Passenger train No. 3, the westbound express on the Southern Pacific collided with a stock train near Yuba, California. Considerable damage was done, but no one was fatally injured. However, Superintendent Laws, of the Sacramento division, who was on the train died from heart trouble shortly after the accident. On Sunday, 30th, three persons were killed and twenty-three injured in a collision on the Missouri Pacific at Tiptop, Missouri.

FLASHLIGHT SIGNAL.—On Tuesday, 13th, the modern flashlight signal adopted by railroads was placed on trial on the Denver and Rio Grande road. The light can be flooded across the sky giving warning of the approach of a train. The object of this system is to signal a warning in canyons, and on sharp curves, where trains cannot be seen for a safe distance.

REPORT ON THE SLOCUM INVESTIGATION.—On Sunday, 16th, the report of the United States Commission of investigation on the disaster of the steamship *General Slocum* was made public. President Roosevelt, to whom the report was submitted, wrote a letter to Secretary Metcalf, of the department of Commerce and Labor, directing him to carry into effect the recommendations of the commission. As a result, on the 17th, Robert S. Rodie, head of the steamboat service in New York, was removed, and Ira Harris appointed to succeed him. Later, James

A. Dumont and Thomas H. Barrett, inspectors, were also removed for negligence of duty.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in Boston during the month. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in attendance, and more than eighty bishops from all parts of the world took part in the proceedings, marching in pomp and ceremony in their full canonical robes to the opening service of the convention, in Trinity Church. Many important church matters, and questions of moment, were discussed, including that of divorce, this subject occupying the attention of the convention for a whole week. During the convention, on the 18th, the House of Bishops appointed Rev. Franklin Spencer Spaulding, of Erie, Pa., bishop for the district of Salt Lake City.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA.—On Tuesday, 18th, the thirty-seventh anniversary of the purchase of Alaska by the United States government was celebrated at the St. Louis fair. One of the features of the occasion was the unveiling, in the Alaska pavilion, of the bust of William Henry Seward, Secretary of State when the purchase was made.

AGITATOR DEMOLI IMPRISONED.—On Friday, 25th, Charles Demoli, labor agitator, who caused considerable trouble during the coal miners strike in Carbon county, Utah, a year ago, was sentenced in Pueblo, Colorado, to two years in prison for sending obscene printed matter through the mails.

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS.—On Thursday, 25th, the State Department sent out an invitation to the powers to take part in a second International peace conference. On Thursday, 25th, an airship constructed by Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, of California, made a successful journey of ten miles at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Several other successful flights were also made subsequently.

November, 1904.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.—In the general election, held on the 8th, the Republican National ticket was successful. Theodore Roosevelt and Charles W. Fairbanks the nominees of that party for President and Vice-President, respectively, were chosen by the largest plurality ever given candidates for those offices. It was estimated, shortly after the election, that their popular vote would be 2,000,000 above the vote of the Democratic candidates, Alton B. Parker and Henry G. Davis, and that in the electoral college they would have 336 votes, a majority of

196. The Democrats carried the "Solid South" with the exception of Missouri, while the vote of Maryland was divided, the Democrats getting seven out of the eight electoral votes.

The Republican ticket in Utah was also successful, all the candidates on the State ticket being elected with exceptionally large majorities, and the National ticket carried the state by at least 30,000 plurality.

BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY."—On Thursday, 10th, the battleship *New Jersey*, built for the United States government was successfully launched.

Foreign, November, 1904.

ELECTION IN CANADA.—In the general election in Canada held on the 3rd, the Liberal government with the present Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was returned to power, and will have a majority of more than seventy in the next parliament, having increased from 54. The House of Commons which has 214 members will stand almost exactly two to one in favor of the Liberal Party and policy. The leading issue was the Grand Trunk Pacific, a new transcontinental railway, projected by the Liberals, and which the Conservatives opposed, saying that a greater part of its 3,600 miles in length, from Moncton, N. B. to Port Simpson on the Pacific, is not needed and can not be profitable. The cost of the entire line may be \$150,000,000. The election result is not regarded as favorable to the fiscal policies of Mr. Chamberlain.

THE BALTIC FLEET AGREEMENT.—Russia and Britain have agreed on the main provisions of the convention touching the responsibility of the attack on the English fishing fleet in the North Sea:

"First—The commission is to consist of five members—namely, officers of Great Britain, Russia, the United States and France—these to select a fifth; if they cannot agree upon a choice the selection is to be intrusted to the sovereign of some country to be chosen by Great Britain and Russia.

"Second—The commission to report on all the circumstances relating to the disaster and to establish the responsibility.

"Third—The commission to have the power to settle all questions of procedure.

"Fourth—The parties to bind themselves to supply the commission with all the necessary information, facilities, etc.

"Fifth—The commission to meet in Paris as soon as possible after the signature.

"Sixth—The report of the commission to be officially communicated to the respective governments."

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